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PRISON DISCIPLINE.

It is generally understood among those, who take thought for the inmates of our penitentiaries, that the attempt to dispense with severe punishments and to multiply immunities and indulgences within the prison walls, has proved unsuccessful. In at least two of our States' Prisons, the relaxation of discipline, dictated by the sincerest Christian humanity, has issued in general insubordination and in not a few individual acts of violence; and it has been found necessary to have recourse to the former rigid regulations and stern modes of enforcing obedience. That judicious mercy and wholesome severity are often synonymous terms in the treatment of the guilty we entertain no question. Nor should we, *a priori*, have any confidence in a mode of discipline, which could make the prison otherwise than an eminently undesirable place to the *outer man* of all its inmates. Moreover, if in the family, the school, the state, much more in the prison, force must be the ultimate resort, in all cases of contumacy; and the more uniformly and decisively force is called into exercise to preclude or punish disobedience, the less frequent will be the occasions for employing it. Every penalty deserved, yet remitted, sows the seeds of fresh crime among the convicts, and sooner or later necessitates the infliction of an incomparably greater amount of punishment, than false humanity has dispensed with. Yet there is one sentiment, to which we cannot but think that the appeal might be successfully made in behalf of orderly conduct. It is that of hope. At present, it is hardly brought to bear upon the prisoner, in any form in which it can affect his moral deportment. He indeed looks for a pardon, if he has influential or even pertinacious friends; for otherwise excellent chief magistrates have in this matter emulated the unjust judge of the parable, yielding against their own discretion to the "continual coming" of applicants for pardon. But the criminal, who hopes to have his term of commitment indefinitely shortened, on that very account is the less solicitous to ensure the approbation of his keeper and the restricted amount of privilege within his gift. On the other hand, there are differences even in prison life, sufficiently marked to dictate to those, who must serve out a certain term of confinement, the expediency of rendering that term as comfortable as they can. But why might not the term itself be made to depend in part on the prisoner's conduct? We cannot but think that a legislative arrangement, by which two or three days should be remitted from the period of the judicial sentence for every month of good conduct, would have a most admirable effect both on the deportment of the prisoner while under restraint and on his character when set at large. He would in that case have a definite motive for self-restraint, self-control, order and industry. These habits once formed might in many cases become principles. The consciousness of having meritoriously earned a diminution of punishment would be some offset to the degradation attending his imprisonment. The remission of the penalty to the full amount to which he could become entitled would be in a modified degree a certificate of good character, by which he could the more easily obtain, when discharged, the opportunity of earning an honest livelihood. We can think of no mode so well adapted as this to obviate the necessity of frequent resort to severe modes of discipline; and we rejoice to know that in a neighboring State measures will be taken to bring this plan favorably before the notice of the legislature at its approaching session.

We have in a previous article expressed our sense of the baneful influence of the pardoning power. The alleged necessity for it might be obviated by vesting a larger discretion in the judiciary. At present, there are certain crimes, for which the judge is obliged to pronounce the sentence of imprisonment for a very long term of years or for life. In most instances such a sentence is both righteous and expedient. Yet now and then, the youth of the criminal, his previous good character, the overmastering nature of the temptation, or some combination of extenuating circumstances, presents a strong case for executive clemency. Such circumstances might all be brought under the cognizance of the judge, and be taken into consideration by him in mitigating the sentence. A case recently occurred, in which a boy of seventeen, for an outrageous crime, his first crime, committed unconsciously in his first fit of intoxication, (into which he was led by the contrivance of a circle of adepts in iniquity), was sentenced to imprisonment for life. The boy was really a lad of virtuous disposition and intentions. The governor, learning the circumstances, very properly pardoned him. But would it not have been far better that the judge, who commended him to the mercy of the executive, should himself have had the power of extending to him the same clemency?

One word as to the length of sentences. In this regard crimes, or rather criminals, resolve themselves into two classes. There are those, whose reformation, though not to be left out of aim, cannot be the object of confident hope. For them, the longer the term of the sentence, the better. The only measure of their imprisonment should be that prescribed by the sense of justice; and, if the offence indeed be one indicating confirmed depravity, no wrong is done by cutting the criminal off from all farther opportunity of disturbing the peace of society. The other class of criminals comprises those, the nature, or the extenuating circumstances of whose crimes, encourages the hope of their reformation. For them, the desideratum is a term of confinement neither too short nor too long. The discipline of imprisonment will be of value to them, both physically and morally, as an alterative treament. It should be long enough to repair the bodily constitution if enfeebled or deranged by vicious courses, to break off and change old habits and associations, to cleanse and renew the circulation of the inner man. At the same time, it should not be so long, as to depress hope, and to make the criminal feel that he is wholly an outcast from society. In such cases we prize the judgment of an *expert*; and we cannot but attach great weight to the opinion of a very sensible and thoroughly reformed graduate of one of our penitentiaries, who says that two years in prison will reform a man who has the capacity of growing better, but that it would be well for society if every man who stays in State Prison four years should pass his life there.

Report for the third Anniversary of the Needlewoman's Friend Society.

This elegantly written document is from the pen of Miss MARY F. QUINCY. We extract the following information respecting the modes and extent of its operation:

"We have paid our workmen for the year the sum of three thousand one hundred and fifty-nine dollars, sixty-one cents; and the total amount which they have received since the formation of the society, a period of three years, has been seven thousand four hundred and fifty-eight dollars, ninety-seven cents. Who will say that the same sum given in charity would have been as economically expended, as highly enjoyed, or as justly appreciated?" . . .

"Our subscriptions, we regret to say, have fallen a little below those of the previous year. This is easily accounted for, by the fact that eleven of our members died before the last annual meeting, and ten have died during the present year. Our donations, we are happy to say, have increased. The subscriptions for life-memberships, amounting to three hundred and sixty dollars, have been placed at interest as the nucleus of a permanent fund, which we trust our friends will enable us to establish. Could it become so large that the income from it would be sufficient to pay our rent, we should be saved from much anxiety, and enabled to devote a very large portion of our receipts to the distribution of work.

"We are grateful to acknowledge, in addition to the donations of former years, an appropriation of three hundred dollars from the Society for the "Employment of the Female Poor," for which our warmest thanks are due. To the unknown benefactor from whose hand one hundred dollars found their way into our treasury, we would express, in behalf of the poor, the gratitude which a persevering incognito has not enabled us to do personally. We can but hope that one whose modesty is equalled only by his munificence will abundantly receive the reward promised to those whose alms are given in secret.

"In connection with this generous act, we may be permitted to record a little incident so fragrant with the dew of benevolence as almost to parellel the offering of the poor widow whose story the Saviour has made immortal. One Saturday evening, early in May last, a man of middle age, and of simple, unpretending appearance, came to our rooms. His errand was briefly told. His week's work was done, his debts paid, and he had one dollar and seventy-five cents remaining which he wished to have divided among a few of the poorest and most needy women in our employ. Being asked if he had not better reserve a part of it for incidental expenses, he replied, "I owe nothing," and left the room. On each succeeding Saturday up to the present time, with a few exceptions, he has given a dollar, which has been distributed in equal portions to sick and feeble women, who have received it with a gratitude worthy of larger gifts. The sum of thirty-one dollars and seventy-five cents has been received from him, without his asking any questions as to its destination. He declined to reveal his name, although repeatedly solicited to do so; and, when it was accidentally discovered, he exacted a promise that it should never appear upon the records of the Society. Of his place of residence, occupation, and social relations, we are still ignorant. But we are sure that so warm and self-sacrificing a benevolence is rewarded with what is better than all earthly rewards,—the approbation and blessing of the heavenly Father.

"The whole amount of life-memberships, subscriptions, and donations, has been one thousand four hundred and forty-five dollars; and the receipts of the year, from all sources, six thousand eight hundred and two dollars, eight cents. The present indebtedness of the Society, for rent and materials, is three hundred and fifty-two dollars, seventy cents. To balance this, we have sixteen dollars cash, debts due to the amount of one hundred and eleven dollars, ten cents, and a stock and fixtures valued at one thousand five hundred and fifty dollars."

Mrs. T. B. WALES is the President; and for the best possible reasons we commend the charity to the cordial support of our readers.

FOUL-WEATHER CHRISTIANS.

Every body knows what a *fair*-weather Christian is. He is one who can love God only in the bright day of prosperity, when every thing goes easily with him. He cannot trust to him in the cloudy and dark times of affliction. If duty costs him no effort, he can perform it. He will do, very cheerfully, what he cannot avoid doing. He will follow attractions as the steel follows the magnet. He loves the worship of God, on pleasant Sabbaths. When the skies are bright, the air is bland, the roads are smooth and the streets are dry and clean,—especially if he cannot find any employment or amusement just then at his side more agreeable—he will go to church, clad in his best suit "to be seen of men" No man looks more eagerly about him, with a deep interest in the respectability of the meeting and the success of the cause than he. You would think that all the light there was in the house was radiated from the fountain of wisdom in his own knowing head. He salutes the people as they assemble and depart—especially the ladies,—with Chesterfieldian politeness. He cares little what he or others believe, so his or their faith does not interfere with his pride and ambition. He thinks Christianity a very *happy* religion. He is a fair-weather Christian.

But what is a *foul*-weather Christian? Not—a foul *Christian*,—the adjective applies to the *weather*, not the *person*. He is one who is a Christian in foul, as much as in fair weather; when the sun is hid, as when he shines—when trouble falls as when prosperity comes. He loves the worship of God on *any* Sabbath—whether it rains or shines; nay, he takes pains to show his love for religious worship by overcoming obstacles for the sake of attending it. If it rains, he says to himself—well, *this* is the day for me to go to meeting, more surely, if possible, than on any other day. My presence is more needed; my example will be more powerful.

We saw a few foul-weather Christians one Sabbath since the present year commenced. It was in one of the largest villages of Maine.—There were people enough in it of all denominations, and within a few rods of the churches, to fill up any one of the numerous meeting houses in the stormiest day of the winter. The Sabbath alluded to was not an inclement one. It was warm, calm, sunny. On the previous night there had fallen six inches of virgin snow; it was but little drifted, and being moist, trod prettily under the feet. The tracks were not, indeed, much broken out in the morning; but there was no difficulty in getting along. Any person who, if it had been Monday, might have wished to go to a store for a box of sugar or a pound of tea, could and would have gone without hesitation. But it was deemed too bad a day to go to meeting. We hold to ministerial punctuality. We never fail of meeting our appointments, unless something insurmountable prevents us. So we travelled miles to be present. When we reached the house—about fifteen minutes before the time of service, we noticed the doors closed and the steps covered with snow. Lifting the latch of the door, we found it locked. With our feet,—the only tools we had—we scraped the snow from the door steps, and started to find some one who could procure the key. As we left the steps, a lady approached, stepping lightly on the unbroken but yielding snow, and desiring to obtain entrance, wished to know if there was to be no meeting in the chapel that day! We assured her there was, we had appointed to preach and had come for that purpose. As we spoke, we noticed a person on the opposite sidewalk going towards the Orthodox church. And who do you think it was?—some rugged, hardy man who could look a stiff North Wester in the face? No—it was a young *female*—a female *cripple*, with a broken back, and a dislocated hip! She was hobbling along in the snow to meet the people for the worship of God. Methought, if the woman at our house and the crippled girl going to the Orthodox, could walk to meeting that day, it was time we said something somewhere to make the healthy and sound men and women of that populous village ashamed to be kept back from the house of God on so slight pretences as detained them at home that day.

We hear a good deal said about the importance of public worship and the necessity of sustaining it; but really, we fear, that much of the friendship for God and his cause which is professed in the community, is a mere fair-weather thing, that has little communion with steady, religious principle. [Gospel Banner.

DYING IN PEACE.

A mother in Israel entered upon her last illness. Her mind was clear, as she looked at death and the scenes beyond it. The nature of the account which she was about to render to an infinitely holy Judge overwhelmed her. She was afraid to appear before Him, and have her destiny unalterably fixed for eternity. For two days she was in great distress of soul.

The next day she appeared to be dying. Then the light of God's countenance was lifted upon her, and her mouth was full of praises. "I feel," said she, "as if I had the presence of God with me, and I lift my heart in humble thankfulness. Is this reality, or is it delusion! God has appeared for me, and granted me more than I could ask or even think. I hoped to be accepted at last; but such comfort in this world is more than I expected. Why are his chariot wheels so long in coming! Lord come quickly."

"Are you in haste to leave us?" said one.

"Oh, I will wait God's time," was her reply.

She soon fell into a gentle sleep. When she awoke her raptures had departed; but perfect calmness and peace of mind remained. One asked her if she was *willing* to live!

"I have no will about it," was her reply.

She remained several days in this state of mind. At length manifest symptoms of death began to appear. Her bodily pains were very great; but in the midst of them she exclaimed, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." As she lingered, some one expressed the hope that death might not be so near as they had supposed.

"I hope I am dying," said she. "Lord Jesus receive my departing spirit: come, Lord Jesus come quickly." Shortly afterwards she expired.

"That," said one who had witnessed her departure, "is dying in peace."

Who will not exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous,—let my last end be like his!" Who will live the life of the righteous?
[N. Y. Observer.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

When we reflect on the languor that attends the ordinary circulation of the little occupations of life; on the insipidity of many of its amusements; and the depression of spirits that follows after them; we cannot but be sensible that occasional intercourse with God and divine things must furnish a comfortable relief to the mind. It is not, indeed, an intercourse for which we are at all times equal; but neither was the human mind formed to grovel at all times among low cares and objects. It has a demand for something higher and greater than the common round of the world affords. Hence the extravagant and eccentric pursuits into which we sometimes deviate. We attempt some higher bliss than what we find here. But the attempt which is made by folly, can only be successfully executed by a wise and good man, in the elevation of his soul toward God. Some, indeed, are sunk so low in wordly gratifications, that nothing has any relish with them but what breathes the air of giddy dissipation, or tastes of the impure stream of sensual pleasure. But this vitiated taste, contracted by long corrupt habits, is unnatural in itself, and by proper discipline can be corrected and reformed. Let the mind be restored to its sound and natural state, and its relish for what is more great and noble will return.

Besides the imperfection and emptiness of the ordinary pleasures of the world, many pains and distresses are always mingled with them. No more effectual relief from them can be found than that which may be enjoined in drawing near to God. Passions corrode the mind. Cares and anxieties fester in it. We are fretted by the ingratitude of friends; soured by the calumnies of enemies; harassed with the competition of rivals. The very bustle and agitation of the world wear out and oppress the mind that longs for tranquility. In religious retirement, and in those exercises of devotion that brings us near to God, we attain a pleasing region of calm and repose. There worldly passions are silent; worldly cares are hushed and forgotten. The mind retires as within itself, and remains alone with God. It is only as afar off that the noise and disturbance of the world are heard like the sound of a distant tumult.

By the perplexity of our worldly concerns, we may have been involved in trouble. By the death of our dearest friends, we may have been overwhelmed with sorrow. By the situation of public affairs, we may be alarmed with dangers that threaten our country. In all such situations, is there any consolations equal to that which the devout man enjoys in drawing near to God! He looks up to a Father and a Friend, in whom he can place his trust in every time of need. He hears a voice issuing from the divine sanctuary, which says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee. Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." Comforted by such words his mind regains tranquillity. Resting on the hope that the God whom he serves will never forget him, he can dismiss from his thoughts the fears and troubles, and wickedness of men, and compose his spirit to dwell among celestial things. Looking up to that blessed world where he expects to find his repose, he beholds no objects but what he can contemplate with delight, as great, peaceful, and serene. There he beholds none of the agitations and turmoils of men; no tumults, nor factions, nor wars; no friends, who die and leave us; no ambitious men, who aspire to oppress; no violent men who attempt to destroy; nor fraudulent brethren, who with a smiling countenance, cheat and deceive. In perfect contrast to the confusion of the earth, he beholds all things above, proceeding in the same perfect order with the heavenly bodies, which move in their orbs with smooth and steady course. [Blair.

Young people and others cannot study much by lamp-light with impunity. The best remedy for eyes weakened by night use, is a fine stream of cold water frequently applied to them.

PERSEVERANCE.

A swallow in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient heart; but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And, with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have FAITH and struggle on.

REBECCA JONES.

In 1788, Rebecca Jones returned from her religious visit to England, and was soon engaged in extensive religious labor in her native city, as well as in other parts of the vineyard.

A number of our readers will vividly remember the malignant fever which prevailed in, and almost depopulated Philadelphia, in the summer and autumn of 1793.

On the 11th of Tenth month, R. Jones was seized with the yellow fever, and for two weeks there was little prospect of her recovery. Her illness continued for nearly two months, and it may not be out of place to note, as an evidence of the difficulty in obtaining aid in this contagious disease, that the wages of her nurse was two dollars per diem. Thomas Scattergood visited her daily, and sometimes frequently during the day; and from his diary we quote the following passages:

"Tenth month 23d, 1793. Called to see Rebecca Jones, who was seized with great pain, and could hardly talk to me through extreme suffering, though the day before she seemed bravely.

"23d. Dear Rebecca Jones appeared under much discouragement about getting about again; but she was in a heavenly frame of mind, and glad to see me; telling me that I felt like bone of her bone. On my telling her that I had not seen but that she might be raised up to bear testimony to the Lord's goodness and truth, she replied—'I am a poor atom, unworthy to be employed in the Lord's work. Dear Thomas, many have fled from the Truth, but the Lord will meet with them. I have been an exercised woman for thirty years past, and often grieved to see the pride and forgetfulness of many of our Society; the multitude of pleasure carriages, formal visiting, &c.' And at another time, when with her, she said, 'there is another dispensation in store for this people, depend upon it,'—repeating it more than once—'if the people are not humbled by the present.'"

"26th. I called to see dear Rebecca Jones, who lay with her eyes almost closed; and although I spoke to her and took her by the hand, she answered not, which was affecting. After meeting, I went again, and going near to the foot of the bed, she said, 'Dear Thomas, I saw thee' alluding to the morning visit, 'but I could not speak; I am in waiting, there is nothing to do.' She lifted up her hands and seemed to wish to say more, and several times gave us a look of much sweetness and love; and at length, looking up again, she said, 'Go, and the Lord go with thee.' Being with her again in the afternoon, she said, 'Dear Thomas, if the Master renew thy commission, and should send thee over the water, mind the time, and do not deal it out to individuals, but spread it before thy friends, and thou wilt find sympathizers; and when thou gets there, remember the poor servants in families—they are too often neglected. The Lord dealt bountifully with me in that land, and I have had comfortable seasons with such.' I asked her what she had a view of in the morning, when she looked up at me and said, go, and the Lord go with thee. She replied, 'I could not tell thee before J. J., though I love him, but I alluded to thy going over the great waters. The Lord has, in some instances, entrusted me with his secrets, and I have not betrayed them.' After some more conversation she appeared inclined to sleep; I left her with her sweetness, and could say in my heart, that flesh and blood had not revealed these things unto her, but our heavenly Father, for my confirmation and encouragement."

This sickness, as it proved, was "not unto death." About the 1st of the Twelfth month, she attended meeting, and, as T. Scattergood notes, "bore testimony to the goodness and mercy of God."

We shall close our extracts from these Memoirs, by a description and character of Rebecca Jones, and an anecdote of the well known philanthropist Thomas Harrison.

She had a striking and significant way of expressing her thoughts, which flowed from a mind of great originality and power. In her ministry she was particularly clear of expletives, or superfluous expressions, and the solemnity of her manner, and the genuineness of the gospel message which she eloquently imparted, impressed the audience with a sense that she was addressing them under the commission of "the King immortal, invisible," for whom she was an ambassador. At such times her voice seemed to fill the house, and hence an impression was produced which the mere repetition of her words, (especially to those who did not know her,) would fail to convey. Her religious communications, in which she was not very frequent, where remarkably untinctured by what is significantly styled "creaturely activity;" and even the very young were overawed, their attention was riveted, and their tender minds were enlightened. So evident was it that the Holy Spirit spoke through her. When moved, as mouth for the people, to address the throne of Grace, her petitions were indescribably solemn, and may be classed with the "*effectual* fervent prayers" of the righteous, being signally owned by the alone Author of availing prayer.

Nor was her mission confined to the public ministry of the Word. It was a prominent part thereof, to carry the consolations of the Gospel to the abodes of suffering and the chamber of death. And, being "wise and endued with knowledge," possessed of social qualities and of personal and mental traits which could not fail to impress and influence her associates, she was enabled (by keeping her eye upon the holy Pattern) to maintain a godly circumspection, and to "show forth out of a good conversation her works with meekness of wisdom."

She was eminent for pleading the cause of the poor, and for acting, as we shall have occasion to notice, as an almoner to the rich; and to those who were in affliction, she was an unwearied and tenderly sympathising friend. Being prepared, by her early experience, to appreciate the privilege of visiting those whose goings were established in the way of life and salvation, she had resolved, that if ever favored to have a house of her own, it should be open to all who wished to seek the society of the serious. To this she adhered. Her mansion, though small, was freely open to all who desired her society, or who were in distress of any kind, from mental or physical causes. She was known to be confidential, and the afflicted were bold to open freely their situation to this mother in Israel, as she might, in an extended sense, be called. Among many instances of the confidence which was freely reposed in her by all classes, we may briefly narrate the following:

At the corner of Brook's Court and Front street, dwelt a wealthy West India family who had two female slaves, a mother and daughter. The mother went out to work, always paying her master two shillings and sixpence for each day so spent, and saving the rest with the understanding that she might purchase her freedom for one hundred dollars. When by her exertions, aided by the generosity of some of her employers, this sum had been raised, (being willing to remain in slavery that she might obtain the blessing of freedom for her beloved child,) she offered to pay the money for the emancipation of her daughter Maria, a beautiful girl, with light hair, soft blue eyes, and elegant form, who would have passed for a white girl; but for her two hundred dollars were demanded. This sum in process of time was raised and paid, and Maria considered herself free, having only her master's bare word for it. She continued in the family, and was employed in needle work, which she performed with exquisite neatness. Her master's mother being about to return to the West Indies, Maria made some elegant dresses, with much ornamental work, for some connexions in the islands, and having prepared them, she was sent to the vessel to pack them carefully away.

She went, with many fears and misgivings, and whilst she was in the cabin, the vessel put off from the wharf, and on her returning upon deck she was seized, gagged and pinioned. The weeping mother, in an agony of suspense, dared not breathe her apprehensions; but being sent to fill the tea-kettle at a pump of soft water, which stood up the court, near Rebecca Jones's kitchen, she cast a hurried look to see if she was observed, and slipped into the house, where with very little preface she related what she knew of the situation of her daughter, and the danger that awaited her. R. J. avoided raising her expectations, but immediately sent our informant to Thomas Harrison, with a request that he would come to her. She hastened upon the errand of mercy, found him in his shop, and eagerly gave him a condensed statement of the case. "Yes—yes" said the philanthropist,—"tell her I'll be there directly." And starting at once, with hasty steps, he was with R. J. before the messenger could return. He instantly proceeded to the master, and opening the door of the parlor, where the family were at tea, and placing his stalwart figure in the entrance, with his hands on the door posts, he asked—"Is J—— I—— at home?" The person named, being a man of courtly manners, rose from the table with a courteous bow, and replied, "That is my name, sir?" "WHERE'S MARIA?" asked Thomas, in an authoritative tone. "It's none of your business" answered J. I., with a greatly altered manner. "*It is my business*, and if thou dost not tell me, I'll call in the constable to take thee to prison, and keep thee there until she is given up." His wife being alarmed at Thomas Harrison's resolute words, called out, "Oh, *don't* take my husband to prison—Maria's on board the vessel." "Where is the vessel?" "At Race street wharf," she replied, in spite of her husband's efforts to silence her, and also gave him the name of the vessel. He hastened to the wharf, took a boat, and was soon attempting to climb the vessel's steep sides. The captain pointed at him a musket, but he, still clambering up, coolly replied, "shoot if thou dar'st, thou know'st thou'lt be hang'd for it." Reaching the deck, he took the gun from the captain as one having authority, broke it over the railing, threw it into the river, and hastened to the cabin, where he found poor Maria gagged, and the saliva running down her breast—being of course unable to swallow. The philanthropist took her to his house, kept her till the vessel had sailed, and, when he had obtained legal papers of manumission, she was permitted to return to her former master, in the capacity of a servant. [Friends' Intelligencer.

ONE IDEA.

The man of one idea! What concentration of exclusive littleness, does this phrase convey in its general acceptation. The man of one idea, in the eye of the world, is only a part of a man,—a man dwarfed in intellect, or at best wanting a balance power of common sense; whose capacity for benevolence and large heartedness, is extremely doubtful; and who forgets in the egotism of his ideal, that he lives in another world besides that which his *ism* creates, a world where other ideas congregate, jostling each other in their contact. But after all there is an excellence, a sublimity in the absorbing power of one idea. He whose head has devised many schemes, whose heart is divided with too many loves, may want that concentration of effort which alone can effect a purpose; while the man of one idea may perfect his aim, and give motion to an endless chain of events. If the single idea be comprehensive, void of selfishness, involving the highest style of morality and happiness, the settled purpose to bend all one's energies to its full accomplishment is worthy of praise, and rises in true sublimity as it firmly grasps its object.

Such an idea has the Christian. In the highest and best sense, he should be "a man of one idea." His one idea is the Glory of God; and in comparison with it, all else should dwindle into insignificance. It comprehends all other ideas; its depth and vastness are unfathomable. It takes in the four corners of heaven and earth. Besides, it acts not reflexively, producing selfishness as one might suppose; but as it is entertained, it expands the soul; as it thrives, it feeds with exhaustless resources the soul that entertains it. It produces the perfection of life, because for it we were created. Our doom also is sealed if we forsake this for other aims. If all Christians were possessed of this one idea, did they fully appreciate its divinity and act in accordance with it, what changes would transpire, how gloriously would the power of religion be displayed, and how soon would this earth, redeemed from its degradation and misery, become the abode of righteousness, peace and blessedness—a fit emblem of the heavenly state.
[Southern Presbyterian.

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH.

No one who has read the "Life and Correspondence of John Foster," can have failed to be impressed with the frequency of his allusions to the event of death—the solemn and mysterious change wrought in our condition by that event—the unknown wonders to which it introduces us, and the suddenness of the transition through which the soul then passes. We have never read the life, or formed the acquaintance of any man who seemed to carry with him a more habitual sense of the fact, that he was soon to go away from this world to another—that he was soon to mingle in new associations, and enter upon a course of untried experience. And why should not a subject of this grandeur and importance, one in which we are all so nearly interested, why should it not occupy the thoughts of all? Why should we not familiarize our minds, by frequent meditation with the great reality of the world beyond the grave, whither we are so rapidly moving? Why should death, when it comes upon us, come as an event for the most part unthought of, and uncared for? It is one of the fixed conditions of our existence, that we are soon to pass away from the scenes of this world, and become familiar with the scenes of another. Why then should not our thoughts, our plans, our arrangements, correspond with a fact so simple and easy to be understood? Men are everywhere engaged in making provision for the exingencies of old age, and properly regulated, this care, this effort, is right. But why limit our care to this life? Our thoughts should pass beyond the grave, and we should all have treasures laid up in that world to which we shall so soon depart. A few days, and we shall go whence we shall not return. The conditions of our existence will be suddenly and mysteriously changed. But the identity of our being will not be destroyed. Our previous history will remain in our memory. Our past lives will come up before our minds for review. There is an old Latin saying which may be translated, "they that pass over the sea, have a change of sky but not of character." And so it is with men in the mysterious transition of death. There is a sudden and wonderful change in their outward circumstances, but they carry into the eternal world the same essential characters with which they leave this. [Congregationalist.

OUR HOURS ARE ANGELS.

Each hour is like an Angel, which, with wings,
Comes from, and goes to Heaven: yet empty, ne'er
Comes or returns, but some occasion brings,
And hastens back to Heaven, the tale to bear
Of evil, or fresh store to treasure there.
Wrestle, as with an Angel, with each Hour,
And hold him; though he seem a child of air,
Yet he will in the struggle give thee power,
And, though the flesh grows weak, will leave a Heavenly dower.

"GOD IN CHRIST."

THREE DISCOURSES BY HORACE BUSHNELL.

This work, which has only recently fallen in our way, is said to have produced a strong impression in America. We are not surprised at it. It is in all respects a remarkable sign of the progress of religious thought. It is a very healthy and hopeful sign, too, for whatever opinion may be entertained of the author's speculations, the spirit and moral tendency of his Discourses are pre-eminently Christian. We do not say that his book will be to no one an occasion of error. On the contrary, we believe that it embodies errors on some points which are of material importance, but to our minds the truths to which it gives new freshness and force seem immeasureably more important and fruitful than its errors, and the genuine submission of heart to the influence of Christ which it manifests, will do more to bring the feeling of the reader to the true Christian temper than its reasoning can to lead his intellect astray. Originality is very often a questionable merit in a religious treatise. That fidgetty and restless skepticism which leads some minds through an unending circle of changes, is ever producing speculative novelties, or new variations of ancient and neglected modes of thought, but such originality is the product of a morbid activity of the thinking faculty, and it is rarely of any worth, because in moral or religious investigations the thinking faculty, when severed from the moral and religious consciousness, is more likely to embrace falsehood than truth. The great principles of religion and morals do not remain to be found out. In Astronomy and Chemistry there may be discoveries as much beyond those of Newton and Liebig, as the conceptions of the latter were beyond those of the first century of the Christian era; but human nature will reach nothing in religion essentially higher or more profound than what was revealed in the days of the Apostles. In this field of thought there is no room for any originality, but that which consists in going back to the original media of revelation, in breaking down the manifold barriers of dogma and ceremony which stand obstructively between us and the divine message, and in re-producing the primitive impressions of Christ's person, by bringing it into direct contact with our souls. In this the greatest and holiest work in which man can engage, genius has ample room for the exercise of its gifts. The main condition of success is, that it shall humble itself to learn before it begins to teach. In faith and affection it must become a little child. It must have no taint of that blind and superficial presumption which sometimes makes the self-styled philosopher assume the attitude of a patron towards Revelation. Instead of the condescension which, according to the notion of a celebrated French metaphysician, "takes Christianity by the hand to raise her to a higher position;" there must be the humility which falls at her feet. When genius thus lays itself open to the true inspiration, we know no limits to the light and energy which it may acquire in the interpretation and enforcement of God's purposes.

The author of the Discourses before us is original in that sense in which no faithful follower of Christ need fear to be thought so. He is original in having gone himself to the fountain-head of truth, in despite of all interposing creeds and customs. His theological education has no doubt given some bias to the course of his ideas, and to a certain extent he may have been tempted by the vigor and elasicity of his intellectual temperament and the suggestiveness of a vivid imagination, to substitute his own conceptions for the simple representations of Scripture. But in spite of all this, his pages are imbued with the spirit of the Sacred Volume. Like the works of some of the older Divines, they breathe a certain scriptural freshness and fragrance—a fervor of faith, and love, and devout feeling, which make us half forget their dogmatic perversities. [London Inquirer.

CHARACTER INDICATED BY THE LAUGH. The following paragraph is from the February number of Blackwood:

"How much of character is there in a laugh! You know no man until you have heard him laugh. There are occasions, there are humors when a man with whom we have long been familiar, shall quite startle and even repel us by breaking out into a laugh which manifestly comes right from his heart, and yet which we have never heard before. Even in fair ladies, with whom I have been much pleased, I have remarked the same thing. And as in many a heart a sweet angel slumbers unseen till some happy moment awakens it; so there sleeps often, in gracious and amiable characters, deep in the back ground, a quiet, vulgar spirit, that starts into life when something rudely comical prenetrates into the less frequented chambers of the mind."

MILTON'S OPINION OF CROMWELL.

Oliver Cromwell was sprung from a line of illustrious ancestors, who were distinguished for the civil functions which they sustained under the monarchy, and still more for the part which they took in restoring and establishing true religion in this country. In the vigor and maturity of his life, which he passed in retirement, he was conspicuous for nothing more than for the strictness of his religious habits and the innocence of his life; and he had tacitly cherished in his breast that flame of piety which was afterwards to stand him in so much stead on the greatest occasions, and in the most critical exigencies.

In the last parliament which was called by the king, he was elected to represent his native town; when he soon became distinguished by the justness of his opinions, and the vigor and decision of his councils. When the sword was drawn, he offered his services, and was appointed to a troop of horse, whose numbers were soon increased by the pious and good, who flocked from all quarters to his standard; and in a short time he almost surpassed the greatest generals in the magnitude and rapidity of his achievements. Nor, is this surprising; for he was a soldier disciplined to perfection in the knowledge of himself. He had either extinguished, or by habit had learned to subdue, the whole host of vain hopes, fears, and passions, which invest the soul. He first acquired the government of himself, and over himself acquired the most signal victories; so that on the first day he took the field against the external enemy, he was a veteran in arms, consummately practised in the toils and exigencies of war.

It is not possible for me in the narrow limits in which I circumscribe myself on this occasion to enumerate the many towns which he has taken, the many battles which he has won. The whole surface of the British empire has been the scene of his exploits, and the theatre of his triumphs; which alone would furnish ample materials for a history, and want of copiousness of narration not inferior to the magnitude and diversity of the transactions. This alone seems to be a sufficient proof of his extraordinary and almost supernatural virtue, that by the vigor of his genius, or the excellence of his discipline, adapted, not more to the necessities of war, than to the precepts of Christianity, the good and brave were from all quarters attracted to his camp, not only as to the best school of military talents, but of piety and virtue; and that during the whole war, and the occasional intervals of peace, amid so many vicissitudes of factions and events, he returned and still retains the obedience of his troops, not by largesses or indulgence, but by his sole authority, and the regularity of his pay. In this instance, his fame may rival that of Cyrus, or Epaminondas, or any of the great generals of antiquity.—Hence he collected an army as numerous and as well equipped as any one ever did in so short a time; which was uniformly obedient to his orders, and dear to the affections of the citizens; which was formidable to the enemy in the field, but never cruel to those who laid down their arms; which committed no lawless ravages on the persons or property of the inhabitants; who, when they compared their conduct with the turbulence, the intemperance, the impiety, and the debauchery of the royalists, were wont to salute them as friends, and to consider them as guests. They were a stay to the good, a terror to the evil, and the warmest advocates for every exertion of piety and virtue. [Second Defence.

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS."—William Hone, a noted English author, was a deist. While passing a turnpike gate, as he was travelling on foot through Wales, he saw a young girl taking her dinner of goat's milk and bread, and at the same time reading her New Testament. The scene was just of a character to impress him. On entering into conversation with her, he was overwhelmed with astonishment to find this poor, barefooted, unsophisticated girl "mighty in the Scriptures," and listened to the use she made of them, and to the power they had on her soul. His heart was subdued, and soon after he avowed himself a believer in Christ, and united with the church.

LIFE IN THE STARS.

It remains now only to consider what the judgment of physiology or biology is likely to be concerning the manifestation of life in the heavenly bodies. It has to a considerable extent been anticipated or implied, in what has been stated already.

Life, as it exists on this globe, is compatible only with certain conditions, which may not be overstepped without causing its annihilation. The whole of these need not be enumerated, as the failure of one is as fatal to existence, as the absence of all. The three to which Sir John Herschel has referred, namely, difference in the quantity of heat and light reaching each globe; variation in the intensity of gravity at its surface; and in the quality of its component materials, may suffice to illustrate this. Light and heat are essential to the development and maintenance of earthly life, but their excess is as destructive to it as their deficiency. What, then, shall we say of the sun, whose heat we know by direct trial to be of such intensity that after great degradation or reduction, it can still melt the most infusible minerals, and dissipate every metal in vapor; and whose light is so intolerably brilliant, "that the most vivid flames disappear, and the most intensely ignited solids appear only as black spots on the disc of the sun, when held between it and the eye." If the temperature of the solid sphere or body of the sun be such as those phenomena imply, it must be the abode, it inhabited at all, of beings such as Sir Thomas Browne refers, to, who can "lie immortal in the arms of fire." It is within possibility, however, that the body of the sun is black as midnight and cold as death, so that as the eye sees all things but itself, he illuminates every sphere but his own, and is light to other stars, but darkness to his own gaze. Or the light and heat of his blazing envelope, may be so tempered by the reflective clouds of his atmosphere, which throw them off into space, that an endless summer, a nightless summer-day, reigns on his globe. Such an unbroken summer, however, though pleasant to dream of, would be no boon to terrestrial creatures, to whom night is as essential as day, and darkness and rest as light and action. The probabilities are all in favor of the temperature of the sun's solid sphere, being very high, nor will any reasonable hypothesis justify the belief that the economy of his system in relation to the distribution of light and heat can resemble ours.

We can assert this still more distinctly of the planets. We should be blinded with the glare and burnt up, if transported to Mercury, where the sun acts as if seven times hotter than on this earth; and we should shiver in the dark, and be frozen to death if removed to Uranus, where the sun is three hundred times colder than he is felt to be by us. To pass from Uranus to Mercury, would be to undergo in the latter exposure to a temperature some two thous

third point of diversity—variation in the chemical composition of the spheres. The absence of an atmosphere from the moon, and the peculiar characters of that of Jupiter and of the sun, have already been referred to as forbidding the appearance of terrestrial life under their skies. The impossibility of its manifestation on meteor-planets such as have reached our earth has also been sufficiently dwelt upon.

In the face of the immense diversity which has thus been shown to prevail through space, it should seem impossible to hold the belief, that the stars are all but so many Earths. The author of the "Vestiges" however, in his blind zeal for the nebular hypothesis of a common physical origin of all worlds, and solicitous to save God the trouble of taking care of his own universe, thinks otherwise.

"We *see*," says he, speaking as if the nebular hypothesis were an established fact, "that matter has originally been diffused in one mass, of which the spheres are portions. Consequently, *inorganic matter must be presumed to be everywhere the same*, although probably with differences in the proportions of ingredients in different globes, and also some difference of conditions. Out of a certain number of the elements of inorganic matter are composed the elements of organic bodies, both vegetable and animal; *such must be the rule* in Jupiter and in Sirius as it is here. We are, therefore, *all but certain* that herbaceous and ligneous fibre, that flesh and blood, are the constituents of the organic beings of all those spheres which are as yet seats of life."

He proceeds a little further on to say, "Where there is light, there will be eyes; and these, in other spheres, will be the same in all respects as the eyes of tellurian animals, with only such differences as may be necessary to accord with minor peculiarities of condition and of situation. It is," he adds, "but a small stretch of the argument to suppose that one conspicuous organ of a large portion of our animal kingdom being thus universal, a parity in all the other organs,—species for species, class for class, kingdom for kingdom,—is highly likely, and that thus the inhabitants of all the other globes of space have not only a general but a particular resemblance to those of our own." How baseless this reasoning is, with its "small stretch" at the close, we need not stop to demonstrate anew, but a few words may be added to enforce what has been stated already, in reference to the concluding argument concerning the relation of eyes to light.

It is a hasty and unwarrantable conclusion, that every illuminated globe must contain living eyes. On our own earth, there are many animals without organs of vision; so that we cannot conclude that eyes are a necessary reaction of light and lite upon each other. Worlds may be supplied with light for other reasons than to endow their inhabitants with the faculty of sight. Our sun is a centre of many influences. We know at least three which may be separated from each other—light, heat, and what has been called actinic or chemical force; but probably electricity and magnetism also radiate from his orb. Terrestrial plants and animals are powerfully affected by most, probably by all of those; but the inhabitants of other spheres may not have organs enabling them to take advantage of more than some, perhaps only of one of the forces in question. On the other hand, the sun may be the source of agencies of which we know nothing, which are about us and yet do not affect us, because we have no channels or senses by which they can find access to us. The dwellers in other planets may have organs of which we have no conception, enabling them to enjoy these, either as substitutes for the influences which effect us, or in addition to them.

Our sun, it is true, sends light to his several planets and their moons, but that they all make the same use of it is in no degree probable. They may, some of them at least, be "old in rayless blindness," yet not like Schiller's Proserpine, "aching for the gold-bright light in vain." They may have "knowledge at one entrance quite shut out;" but so likely enough have we, and at more entrances, perhaps, than one. The sun may impartially distribute the same gifts, though in unequal quantities, to his family; but it depends on each member of the circle what improvement is made of them. Mercury, who receives Benjamin's portion, may well be expected to show a different result from the newly-discovered, scantily-endowed Neptune, who has so long and so mysteriously tempted Uranus from his course. We would liken the different planets and satellites of our system to so many pieces of stained glass in a cathedral window; on every one, the same seven-tinted light falls, but the chemical composition, and molecular arrangement of each transparent sheet determines whether it turns to account the whole seven, and gleams white, or profits only by certain of them, and shows, in consequence, green or red, blue, purple, or yellow. If some tiny fly, whose dominion was limited to the inside of a single pane, should suppose that, as its kingdom was bathed in unchanging red, every other sheet of glass must be "vermeil tinctured" also, because it knew that on every one the same light fell, it would greatly err, as we are wise enough to know. But we who are "crushed before the moth," probably err as widely, if we affirm that each of the planets is a mirror reflecting the sun in the same way. He is probably like a fountain, sending forth a river charged with many dissimilar substances, and each of the planets resembles a filter, separating from it what its construction enables it to retain, and what was intended and is fitted to be appropriated by it.

Even, however, if we should concede to our author that wherever there is light there will be eyes, surely a few more data are necessary, before a whole animal can be assumed. Can we infer that lungs or other breathing organs exist, unless we make it probable that there is an atmosphere to breathe? Can we take for granted wings of birds or of insects, unless we show that there is air to fan? or, may we count on the "hearing ear" before we establish that there is a gaseous or aqueous medium to transmit the undulations of sound? If there be no water, will there be paddles of whales or of turtles, or fins of fishes? If no carbon, will there be leaf, or stem of flower, or tree? If no lime, bone or skeleton of any animal? The existence of all these organs cannot be assumed merely because there is light. But, in truth, as little can organs of vision. For if there be no water, there can be no blood; and if no blood, then not even eyes, at least earthly eyes, however constant and brilliant the light may be.

The unequivocal testimony, then, of physical science, as it seems to us, is against the doctrine that life, as it appears on the stars, must be terrestrial in its nature, though we are far from wishing to affirm that planets closely resembling the earth may not occur in space. It is enough for our argument to show that there are myriads of stars, which, for the reasons already given, are altogether non-terrestrial in their characters.

It remains, then, to inquire whether we are to come to the conclusion, that the stars are uninhabited, inasmuch as terrestrial life is the only possible one, or to believe that there exists a diversified astral life which is manifested on them. Abstaining from anything like an attempt to define positively the probable characteristics of the latter, if it exist, we may say this much on the matter. There are fewer characters of universality in terrestrial life than in terrestrial chemistry. There is a plant-life and an animal-life, which are quite separable, and may exist apart, and there are different kinds of each. To mention but one example: the egg of the butterfly has one life, and the caterpiller which springs from it has another; and the chrysalis into which the caterpiller changes has a third, and the butterfly which rises from the chrysalis has a fourth; and so there may be worlds which know only a germinal, or a caterpiller, a chrysalis, or a butterfly life.

Further, in this world we see plants and the lowest animals possessing only the sense of touch, if the former can be said to be endowed even with that. Gradually as we ascend in the animal scale, additional senses are manifested, till four more appear in the highest animals. But who shall tell us that these five are the only possible, or even the only existing channels of communication with the outer world? We might, besides the general argument from analogy against such a conception, refer to those agencies influencing living beings, which have been recognized for centuries as implying some supersensuous relation to external nature. It would be unwise to allow the extravagances of animal magnetism to prevent us from recognizing the indications which several of its phenomena afford, of perceptions of outward things not easily referable to the operation of any of the known senses. Nevertheless, that so-called, and as yet questionable science, has, for a season at least, fallen into the hands of those with whom the gratification of wonder is a much greater object than the discovery of truth, and we fear to build much upon it. We can find, in another and quite unexceptionable quarter, a substantial foundation on which to assert the probability of life being manifested very differently in other spheres than it is in our own globe. We refer to the assurance which the New Testament gives us, that our human spirits are destined to occupy bodies altogether unlike our present ones.

From the remarkable way in which the Apostle Paul likens the "natural body" to a seed which is to be sown, and grow up a "spiritual body," one is led to believe that the immortal future tabernacle is to bear the same relation of difference, and yet of derivation to the present mortal one, which a tree does to a seed. The one will be as unlike the other as the oak is unlike the acorn, though but in a sense the expansion of it.

Whether this be the doctrine or not which the Apostle teaches, it is at least certain, that he announces that a great and inconceivable alteration is to come over our bodies. Doubtless, our spirits are to be changed also, but more, as it seems, in the way of intensification of faculties, desires, passions, and affections—on the one hand, good, on the other, evil—which have been exercised or experienced, in their fainter manifestations, in the present state of existence, than by the introduction of positively new elements into our intellectual and moral being. We do not urge this point; it is enough if it be acknowledged to be a Scripture doctrine, that human spirits, reminiscent of their past history, and conscious of their identity, are, however otherwise changed, to occupy bodies totally unlike our present ones. If, however, it be supposed that the "spiritual" occupants of our future tabernacles are to differ totally from us, it only adds to the force of the argument, as it implies the greater diversity as to the manner in which being may manifest itself. It is part, then, of the scheme of God's universe, that spirits clothed in non-earthly bodies shall dwell in it. It is idle, therefore, to say that terrestrial life is certainly the probable sidereal one, since it is not the only existing, or at least the only contemplated mode of being. In looking at the stars, as habitations of living creatures, we have at least two unlike examples of the way in which mind and matter admit of association to choose from, as patterns of what astral life may be. But the further lesson is surely taught us, that there may exist other manifestations of life than only these two. For, the spell of simplicity once broken by a single variation, we know not how many more to expect, whilst the conclusion is not to be resisted, that other variations there will be. The same Apostle who dwells on the resurrection, tells us, in reference to the happy dead, that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." They are not only, therefore, to have bodily organs different from ours, but these are to be gratified by sights which our eyes have not witnessed, by sounds to which our ears have never listened, and by a perception of phenomena inconceivable by us. There are here indicated the two great elements of variety to which we have already referred; a theatre of existence totally unlike the present one, and organs of relation to it different from those of terrestrial beings.

The argument might be greatly extended, but we cannot attempt here an exhaustive discussion of the subject. The sum of the whole discussion is this:—Astronomy declares that there are unlike theatres of existence in the heavens,—suns, moons, and planets; Chemistry demonstrates that different kinds of construction, that of the earth, and those of the meteoric stones, prevail through space; Physiology contemplates the possibility of a non-terrestrial life unfolding itself in the stars; and the Bible reveals to us, that there is an immortal heavenly, as well as a mortal earthly life.

The consideration of all this leaves no place for the thought, that the tide of life which ebbs and flows through the universe, is but the undulation of so many streamlets identical with that which bathes the shores of our globe. In our Father's house are many mansions, and the Great Shepherd watches over countless flocks, and has other sheep which are not of this fold. [North British Review.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, May 11, 1850.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

Public amusements will live and flourish, however the conscience of the religious part of the community may decide to treat them. Their character will depend on that treatment, but not their existence. They must, by this time, be received as an established Institution. It must be a sanguine faith that can expect to dislodge from society, what the history of thousands of years, and of all forms of social order, not to say the Divine voice in our constitution, has pronounced an indispensable ingredient in human life. Like the gas-works that light up a great city, they may be turned into instruments of intelligence, philanthropy and piety, or ignorance, corruption and vice,—made to shine on the assemblies of Christ, or the synagogues of Satan,—to illuminate the labors of Humanity, or the saloons of dissipation,—to cheer the church or a brothel. Like the strength of nature in a human hand, they may work for God or Mammon, sow wheat or tares, help man's redemption or his ruin. But their continuance is certain.

For this reason there is no occasion, perhaps, to urge the public towards them. While good men owe it to their principles to bring them under the regulation of the Christian law, an equally needed office is that of showing those at present addicted to this species of recreation how liable it is to be carried to excess. Indeed, one of the foremost fruits of thus bringing them under the Christian law would be a conviction of this very truth. One of the worst evils now attending our public entertainments and spectacles is, that the persons who patronize them at all, patronize them inordinately. It would seem as if the one class imagined it their special vocation to make up for the absence of the other, by a more incessant and assiduous attendance.

It would furnish curious matter for reflection, if we could be informed of the precise proportion of the population of a city like Boston, to be found any pleasant evening in mid-winter, in places of public resort, at theatres, large and small, high and low, at Concerts, Lyceums, Lowell Lectures, Mesmeric Exhibitions and Panoramas, at Circuses, Balls, Assemblies, Political Caucuses, Odd Fellows' and Masons' Lodges, and Clubs,—at Temperance meetings, Benevolent Society meetings, and meetings for religious Conference and Worship. The result would probably excite some astonishment, if not some alarm. The truth is, we are fast getting to be an out-of-door community. Publicity is the rule; domestic privacy the exception. In some families, one or two persons stay at home through the evening to look after the fires and answer the door-bell; in others, the doors are locked and the house is deserted by servants and all. In some cases, the children are put into the nursery or the kitchen, under the charge of domestics, to hear very dubious conversation, to be subjected to capricious passions, to have either a very dull time or a very painful one, and to wonder in sad perplexity over their strange lot, while their parents are running the race of fashion, making merry over a comedy, flirting in a ball-room, keeping late hours at a whist-table,—to come home jaded before morning, and exhibit the petulant humor of a reaction from excitement, or the ill-temper that follows a wakeful night, the following day. If these children are grown a little older, they will perhaps make their way into the street, or if their social position favors it, into a neighboring grocery or confectioner's shop; very likely will break their parents' orders or their own word to do so. In other cases still, the young people repay the tender vigilance of a more careful and conscientious training, by turning their back on father and mother as surely and as soon as night falls, leaving them with their quiet tastes to a solitude not the less trying because a fond indulgence abstains from complaint and refuses to abridge the enjoyments of youthful blood,—leaving them to a stupid game of backgammon, a doze on the sofa, or a protracted perusal of the evening paper.

We think we could point to some families within the circle of our metropolitan acquaintance, where home-life, properly speaking, is a thing unknown. There is a house, indeed, and all the outward furnishing, possibly the costly and gorgeous furnishing, of a human dwelling; but no home. The architect, the mason, the upholsterer, the haberdasher, have done their part skilfully; and yet there is no home-sentiment. Rich tables may be covered with splendid annuals and fanciful *bijoux;* the floors with soft carpets; the walls with showy paintings; capital portraits may do their best to supply the places of their gadding originals; and still there shall be nothing there that in a true, least of all in a *Christian* sense, deserves to be called by the blessed name of home. We think we know some *abodes* (not abiding-places) where the question of special moment started every morning is,—"Where shall we go,—into what scene of public amusement shall we escape, to-night?" The chief point of interest connected with the brother's or father's return to dinner, is the ticket he brings to the opera, the dance or the play. The idea of *not going any where* is too absolutely absurd to be entertained for a moment. And if by any misfortune, accident, storm or indisposition, stern necessity should happen to fasten these light-headed pleasure-seekers in, for one evening out of a dozen, the stupid infliction is reluctantly submitted to sulkily, gloomily, and with many a muttered execration, as an intolerable hardship. The only remaining resort is to issue hasty notes of invitation, and get in "company" of some sort. Any thing rather than be abandoned to the society of one's brothers and sisters,—to be caged up in close confinement with one's parents or one's children!

Do the members of such families consider the sorry compliment they are paying their own, and one another's wits? What is their daily and nightly conduct doing, but pronouncing to the world, the emptiness of their brains, the poverty of their resources, the meagreness of their accomplishments, and the coldness of their affections?

Consider the effect of all this miserably artificial and corrupt style of manners on the generation growing up. What must the inference of children be? To say nothing of the direct loss they suffer, by the withdrawal of parental guardianship and sympathy, what irreparable mischief must inevitably accrue, in their false estimate of the uses and objects of life, in the lowering of their standard of character, in the morbid stimulus given to their appetite for display, and in their systematically cultivated contempt for sound knowledge, quiet habits, a modest reserve, and calm, moderate, rational pleasures! How is it possible that they should not look forward to their formal introduction into the social whirlpool, and their joyous farewell to the irksome seclusion of childhood, as to the grand goal of their desires, and the consummation of the highest hopes of their being? Surely, this is sinning against the Holy Ghost.

And on the mature, the result can be no less disastrous. The one runs into the other. As certainly as the present tendency goes on with increasing volume and force, the noblest elements of our civilization are smitten with a fatal blight. Instead of a high intelligence we shall have a superficial facility of talk; instead of personal dignity, personal vanity; instead of insight, flippancy; instead of repose, bustle; instead of principle, fickle fancies; instead of a noble independence, servility to foolish customs and the reigning modes; instead of virtue, expediency; instead of the love of Truth, the love of admiration; instead of the love of God, the usurpations of fashion. All this is as sure to come under the aggravation of our present proclivity to public exhibition and *going abroad*, as any effect in nature is sure to follow its legitimate cause. There will be absolutely no substantial stuff, of manly capacity, left for Religion to lay hold upon. How much have we a reasonable right to expect of a generation begotten of men whose youth is divided between the compting-room and the theatre, and born of women whose early years took their only consecration from the toilette and the cotillon? In our judgment, the world,—or that part of it with which we happen to be most conversant, is much more likely to go to destruction by going abroad, than by bad politics, bad emigration, bad trade, or bad theology.

One thing is beyond question; if our Puritan ancestry had lived as we are fast getting to live, we should be a very different people from what we now are—much less respectable; our history would have been a very different history, and much less honorable. The strongest and highest traits in the New England manhood are due to the domestic character of our fathers. Thank Heaven, that sensible and sterling stock were a staying-at-home people. They had homes, and lived in them;—homes that were something more than places to eat and sleep in,—dormitories and victualling establishments. Their homes were their resorts,—places where the elders mused, the mature read, the young studied and sported, all talked, when they had anything to say, and all daily worshipped God. There is no such thing possible as a noble, well-developed, comprehensive type of character, without domestic nurture. Souls that expand into greatness as they ripen into maturity, never run at large in their infancy, nor live altogether out-of-doors in their youth. We might as well expect stout oaks and majestic cedars to strike root in the sterile sands of Sahara, and lift their crowns of living green under those brassy skies.

How is this to be remedied, or prevented? Just as every important enterprise is effected, by wise, patient, determined exertion to that end. By making it a paramount concern, a matter of constant and conscientious concern. By beginning the education of families on the principle that their members are to constitute separate, limited and cordially united communities. By letting it appear that, on the part of the parents, home is the chosen spot, sought and prized over every other, so that children shall catch the same delightful spirit, and turn to it always with eager feet. Above all, lend your first efforts towards making home attractive. Do this by every conceivable lawful and innocent mode. Exercise ingenuity. Task invention. Consult the tastes and biases of every member of the household. Are there not sciences to be explored, arts to be illustrated, customs of nations to be explained, simple experiments in many branches of philosophy to be made, flowers to be cultivated, drawing to be learned, music to be practised, songs to be sung, and ten thousand books in every department of literature to be read, talked over, criticised and compared? And when all these seem too serious for vivacious spirits, do not scruple to resort to any entertainment not positively harmful, to intermingle pleasant pastimes, if only you have good reason to believe these will make home more attractive, and other places where otherwise the young would be impatient to go in search of them less so. Here is the great lever. Keep the tie to home unbroken, and you have the clue to all the avenues of the heart. However unfavorable other signs may be, there is no need of despair while this lasts. For this purpose, do not despise sports and puzzles, devices to engage the interest and move mirth, surprises and diversions, simple dances or games of chance and skill. Control them all by a thoughtful and yet a genial supervision. Make the sacrifice of a personal condescension to the tastes of the childish. Elevate them, as you can; but that you may draw them, be sure that you reach them. Especially, do all this with a cheerful temper; for nothing is so winning. Shun moroseness; for nothing will sooner empty, or chill your house. Do all decently, as Christians.

These are only rude hints. We have some confidence that they point to suggestions that might lead to a large abatement of a growing peril to our social state and our private virtue. As we have spoken of the prevalent evil, let us say also that we know of happy instances where these more enlightened ways are tried; and where a true domestic life, composed of the blessed ingredients of simplicity, purity, knowledge and love, are the result.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

One of the not least remarkable things in the tragedy of Macbeth, is the manner in which it describes the different states of mind before and after the commission of a crime. Before the deed is done, though, with a strange sort of horror, Macbeth dallies with the thought of it, he cannot forget the salutation of the weird sisters "Hail, king that shall be!" He writes it to his wife, that she may "not lose the dews of rejoicing by ignorance of what is promised her." But after it is done, the spots of blood "will not out." The relentless Lady Macbeth cannot rest for the thought in her mind, and as for Macbeth himself, the joy of life is gone. He has "supped full with horrors"—he is "a-weary of the sun."

This is true, in its degree, of every sin. Before it is committed, it presents a tempting side; but once committed, the attraction is gone and the penalty only remains. Let the tempted never forget that no one, when it is over, ever repents of having done right. No one regrets a sacrifice made from a sense of duty. All the pain is before hand. The man dreads to make the effort or the sacrifice, he doubts whether the difficulty does not furnish sufficient excuse for unfaithfulness. But the moment he has done what conscience required, he rejoices in it, he has a stable peace of mind; of all the acts of life, this is the one which he would least of all have omitted. The pleasure of virtue follows the right deed; the pleasures of sin are all before it is committed. No one takes pleasure in remembering a guilty act. Memory, which comes to the good over the past, like a southern wind over continents of flowers, for the bad is turned into a ceaseless agent of retribution. No one whose life has been unfaithful, can be at rest. Providence does not let man sleep quietly in sin. Conscience

> "Starts from the down, on which she lately slept,
> And tells of laws despised, at least not kept:
> Shows with a pointing finger, but no noise,
> A pale procession of past sinful joys,
> All witnesses of blessings foully scorned,
> And life abused, and not to be suborned.
> Mark these, she says; these summoned from afar,
> Begin their march to meet thee at the bar;
> There find a Judge inexorably just,
> And perish there, as all presumption must."

THE OPIUM TRADE.

DIVISION OF LABOR, A MEANS OF QUIETING THE CONSCIENCE.

We doubt if any country in the world, during the last seventy-five years, has had in its government a greater proportion of men distinguished for ability and elevated character than British India. Among the whole number to whom the East India Company has confided its interests, there are probably few who would not have shrunk with horror from going personally through the whole process of making a fortune, by raising opium, selling it, and witnessing its results. But men who would not do the whole are willing to do, each a part. The iniquity which could not be swallowed whole, is taken in broken doses. By means of a judicious division of labor, each one contrives to escape from the jurisdiction of conscience. The whole business is bad enough, but no individual in it is to blame. Why should not the natives of India raise the poppy, as well as any other plant? Being raised, why should not opium be manufactured? If manufactured, why should not government control the business? Nay, what can be more just than that the government should impose taxes on the product to make it expensive, and thus limit the amount of production? When brought to Calcutta or Bombay why should not the merchant purchase it, as well as any other article of merchandise? Why should he not ship it to the coast of China, and being once there, why should it not be sold to the Chinese traders, who wait at the mouths of the rivers in their junks? To be sure they are smugglers, but English merchants cannot see to the execution of Chinese laws. Once in China, why should not any man exercise the right of nature to buy what he wants? As for using it afterwards he is alone responsible. One sees how, by this circuitous method, the conscience is eliminated, and every thing made easy, reputable, and virtuous.

It is as ingenious as the method by which slavery is relieved of wrong. To kidnap a man in Africa is horrible. The slave trade is piracy; but the slave once in this country, and fairly sold, becomes a legitimate article of traffic. He can be reshipped and sold again and again. If he escape to the North, the duty of seizing and sending him back is a simple question of law. By a judicious division of labor, the several parts of the process are so distributed, divided, that the moral responsibility of each man engaged is not worth attention. There is nothing like division of labor, in enabling men to get over scruples of conscience.

The opium trade has become one of enormous magnitude, and, with one exception, the most important source of revenue to the East India Company. The principal localities for the cultivation of this opium, are the provinces of Malwa, Benares, and Behar. In the last two provinces, it is a strict monopoly of the East India Company, which advances money to the native cultivators, to meet in part the expense of cultivation, and receives in return, through its agents, the opium at a fixed price. It thus becomes the property of government. Each chest costs the government less than $150, and brings on an average in Calcutta not far from four times the original cost. In 1847, the government received from this source 31 000 chests, from which accrued something like $15,000,000 of clear profit.

In Malwa, the cultivation is free to the natives and beyond the jurisdiction of the English. But after it is produced, the principal market is in Bombay, to reach which the opium must be transported through certain territories of the East India Company. In its passage the Company levies a transit duty of 400 rupees, about $200, on every chest. In 1846 about 25,000 chests of opium were thus transported to Bombay with a profit to the Company of about $5,000,000.

In this way, the net income of the government is estimated to be as high as $15,000,000. The average clear income for the last 6 years has been about $13,000,000, and the trade is constantly and rapidly increasing. It is calculated that during 1850, 60,000 chests will be exported to China.

When the opium is received in Calcutta and Bombay, it is sold to the merchants who export it to China. The average profit to the merchant is from 15 to 25 per cent, on all the opium which he exports. A ship can make two or three voyages in a year, and the trade is a perfectly safe one, it being in all cases paid for in specie at the time of its delivery to the Chinese.

The great profit of the trade is too strong a temptation. It is almost as important to the East India Company, as the culture of cotton to the United States. It is prohibited by the Chinese laws and the drug finds admission into China, only through the agency of smugglers; and yet it was to support a trade of this sort, that the Opium war was waged, and the Chinese government compelled to refund $12,000,000 to the English, for a contraband article, which, as it had a right to do, it had seized, and instead of selling, had destroyed. To this day, English cannon keep open the avenues of this trade. It is a dark event for English history to record, and it is a melancholy inconsistency which is presented by the fact that the same government which liberated the slaves in the Western Indies, should be fostering and sustaining a traffic like this in the East.

We have given this general account of the opium trade, thinking that it might be interesting to some of our readers. But it contains, in addition, an important moral lesson. It is an illustration of the way in which many of the worst institutions and customs are sustained by good men. What no one would think of doing, were he obliged to be responsible for the whole, multitudes are ready to do in part. War, slavery, bad social customs, bad forms of government, are in this indirect way taken out from under the supervision of the conscience, and, divided into portions, find a support from upright men, who condemn and recoil from the final result.

Divided responsibility works badly in business; in morals, it sometimes seems to be equivalent to a repeal of the moral law.

Our attention has been drawn to this subject by a valuable pamphlet on *the Opium trade*, by Nathan Allen, M. D. We are indebted to it for the facts which we have stated, and would refer any of our readers to it, who may desire further information on the subject.

HOW THE ENGLISH CHURCH GETS AT ORTHODOXY.

There has lately been decided a question of high interest to the Episcopalian church; and a very singular question it was, to be one of importance.

The bishop of Exeter disliked a clergyman of his diocese. The clergyman was presented to a living in the church; and asked the bishop to induct him. The bishop ordered the clergyman to come to his palace, and be examined theologically. After an examination of three days, of eight hours each, the clergyman, who had been a preacher nearly forty years, was pronounced by the bishop unsound in his orthodoxy, and so was refused induction into the church. But the living was in the gift of the Crown; and the Crown did not choose to have its patronage voided. So an action was brought in the ecclesiastical court to make the bishop show some just cause for refusing to let the old clergyman into his new church.

The question for argument was as to the doctrine of the Church of England on the subject of baptism. The bishop pleaded that baptism is salvation; and the clergyman pleaded that baptism is a sign of salvation, and not salvation itself. And into this discussion, entered many curious matters, and what may be called the anatomical terms of theology, such as "opus operatum" and "prevenient grace." It was a very singular question, argued in a very singular manner, and to a very singular conclusion. For by the final judgment on the case, the bishop and the clergyman are both right. Episcopalian authorities, articles, canons, divines, laws, usages, decisions, understandings and misunderstandings are so happily uncertain as to allow of two doctrines on one subject. By those who hold them, respectively, the two doctrines are understood to be contradictory of one another; and yet they are both orthodox, in the judgment of the highest church-court of England. A very orthodox orthodoxy, is the Episcopalian orthodoxy of England; for it not only professes to make the right thing be orthodoxy, but it pronounces that both right and wrong, two flat contradictions, make one orthodoxy.

This was a very singular conclusion, and it was arrived at in a singular way. It was a theological question. Was it argued then by theologians? by men of ecclesiastical and patristical learning? No. Was it argued out of the Bible? No. It was argued by lawyers, before lawyers. And the court it was first heard in was the ecclesiastical court of the country—a court that takes cognizance of all matters relating to the church, to shipping, to matrimony, and the administration of wills. A very singular court for Episcopalian orthodoxy to come out of!

But on Episcopalian matters in England, there is a higher authority than this ecclesiastical court; and that is the Queen. On this question of baptism, the Queen was appealed to as the Head of the church. And she delegated the matter to a royal commission, which consisted of three bishops, and four or five laymen. An oddly heterogeneous jury! And a very odd conclusion, they arrived at!

And this all has been thought to be Christian work, pertaining to a Christian church, and done in a Christian way. And men have thanked God for it in public. Very strange!

And now an address is being prepared to emanate from one part of the Episcopal clergy thanking the Archbishop of Canterbury, for obtaining a verdict from the Royal commission, by which it is permitted a clergyman to deny that all infants are "released of their sins and sanctified with the Holy Ghost" by being baptized. And from another quarter an address, to this purport:

"We thank your Lordship for refusing to concur in a decision whereby it is propounded that the regeneration of infants in holy baptism is not the clear and unquestionable doctrine of the Church of England; and that a minister of that Church may reasonably deny that infants are regenerated by holy baptism.

With gratitude for the testimony which your Lordship has thus borne to what we believe to be the truth, and with prayer for the Divine blessing and guidance in behalf of the Church of England, and of all who are called to take part in this great responsibility, we are, your Lordship's faithful and affectionate brothers in Christ,

W. Skinner, Bishop of Aberdeen and Primus.
Patrick Torry, D.D., Bishop of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld, and Dumblane.
A. P. Forbes, D.C.L., Bishop of Brechin.
W. J. Trower, D.D., Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway."

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

Our columns for a few weeks past have shown how extensively the habit prevails of changing ministers at this period of the year. We seldom read an announcement of this kind without a painful sensation. The changes mostly occur in our country parishes, where, after the excitement of the Ordination is over, the zeal of the people for their minister begins to cool, and the small salary promised to him is every year raised with greater difficulty, till at last, in a sort of desperation, a letter of resignation is sent in by the pastor, or a dissolution is directly called for by the society; when a helpless family is thrown adrift upon the world without any certain occupation or means of support, and a man educated with high hopes of usefulness in his profession, is doomed to see all those hopes die out and himself seeking often in vain for employment. The sensibilities which fit him for his office, administer now to his discomfort, and make his situation only the more exquisitely painful. On the other side, the parish gains nothing by the change. A new minister is settled, to go through the same experience. At the end of five years, (for that is the average length of the ministry among us) he, with his young family, is turned adrift. The old feeling of attachment and respect for the minister is wearied out by these incessant changes. The interest in public worship flags. The society loses its spirit, and even a new ordination awakens only a faint enthusiasm.

We hoped, four or five years ago, that matters in this respect had reached their crisis, and that congregations had learned from experience to seek a more permanent relation. But though the evil is readily seen and severely felt, it is not so easily corrected. Dissipation in this direction, as in every other, goes on only the more rapidly because it leads to ruin.

What will be the ultimate influence of this state of things on the ministerial profession and on our parishes? Is the evil one which, like a self-limited disease, will have its course, and then rectify itself? Is the state of our country parishes worse than it was fifty, or a hundred years ago? Are the ministers exposed to greater hardships? Are they an inferior class of men? Are they as well educated to meet the difficulties of their position? Some of these questions we shall take up hereafter; and now only express our sincere sympathy for some of the purest and most devoted of our brethren, whose condition in every respect is a hard one, since even labor in their chosen calling is denied to them.

HON. HORACE MANN.

Mr. Mann has written a characteristic and powerful letter to his constituents on the great political subjects now before the country. After expressing admiration for Mr. Webster's powers, gratitude for his past services, and the diffidence with which he dissented at first from his views, he proceeds in a forcible way to show why he would not leave the territories without legislative restriction as to slavery; why he cannot assent to Mr. Webster's views in regard to the admission of new states from Texas, and especially why he cannot consent to the passage of a bill for the recovery of fugitive Slaves, such as that which Mr. Webster has pledged himself to support. Mr. Mann's reasoning in favor of some legislative restriction upon the introduction of slavery into New Mexico is to our minds perfectly convincing, and we do not see how any one can fairly get over it.

"Slavery depends, not upon Climate, but upon Conscience. Wherever the wicked passions of the human heart can go, there slavery can go. Slavery is an effect. Avarice, sloth, pride, and the love of domination are its cause. In ascending mountain sides, at what altitude do men leave these passions behind them? Different vegetable growths are to be found at different heights, depending also upon the zone. This I can understand. There is the altitude of the palm, the altitude of the oak, the altitude of the pine, and far above them all the line of perpetual snow. But in regard to innocence and guilt, where is the *white line?* How high up can a slave-holder go and not lose his free agency? At what elevation will the whip fall from the hand of the master, and the fetters from the limbs of the slave? There is no such point. Freedom and slavery on the one hand, and climate and geology on the other, are incommensurable quantities. We might as well attempt to determine a question in theology by the cube root, or a question in ethics by the Black Art. Slavery being a crime founded upon human passions, can go wherever those passions are unrestrained. It has existed in Asia from the earliest ages, notwithstanding its "formation and scenery." It labors and groans on the flanks of the Ural mountains now. There are to-day, forty-eight millions of slaves in Russia, not one rood of which comes down so low as the Northern boundary of California and New Mexico

"Should it be said that slavery will not go into the new territories, because it is unprofitable, I ask, where is it profitable? Where is ignorance so profitable as knowledge? Where is ungodliness gain, even for the things of this life? How little is the hand worth, at one end of an arm, if there is not a brain at the other? Do not Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and other States, furnish witnesses by thousands and tens of thousands, that slavery impoverishes? Yet with what enthusiasm they cherish it. Generally, ignorance is a necessary concomitant of slavery. Of white persons, over twenty years of ago, unable to read and write, there were, according to the last census, 58,787 in Virginia, 56,609 in North Carolina, 58,513 in Tennessee, and so forth. I have a letter before me, received this morning, dated in Indiana, in which the writer says he removed from North Carolina, in 1802, when he was 14 years old, and at that time he had never seen a newspaper in his life. Can there be genius, the inventive talent, or profitable labor, where ignorance is so dense! Can the oppression that tramples out voluntary industry, intelligence, enterprise, and the desire of independence, conduce to riches? Yet this is done wherever slavery exists, and is part and parcel of its working. Is any other form of robbing profitable? Yet individuals and communities have practised it and lived by it, and we may as well rely upon a "law of physical geography" to arrest the one as the other.

It is not poetry but literal truth, that the breath of the slave blasts vegetation, his tears poison the earth, and his groans strike it with sterility. It would be easy to show why the master does not abandon slavery, even amid the desolation with which it has surrounded him. There is a combination of poverty and pride, which slavery produces *on the doctrine of natural appetence*, and which, therefore it exactly, fits. The helplessness of the master in regard to all personal wants, seems to necessitate the slavery that has begotten it. All moral and religious principles are lowered till they conform to the daily practice. Custom blinds conscience, until, without any attempt to emancipate or ameliorate their victims, man can preach and pray and hold slaves, as Yorick jests and sings over grave-digging."

OFFICES AND HONORS.

One of the unpropitious omens of the time is the low level of character with which, in many parts of the country, the people are satisfied in those to whom it commits important public trusts. It is no uncommon thing for a constituency to place in a high office one to whom no individual of the number could have confided a matter of personal interest. It is from a melancholy misapprehension of the influence which such men exert. Of necessity the fortunes of a country depend very much on those who control its affairs. If they be incompetent or corrupt, their influence is disastrous in a double way; first, directly, through mismanagement and misconduct, and secondly, indirectly, by lowering the standard of official character. In bestowing honors on the unworthy, honors lose their value. When any office has for a time been held by those unfitted for it, it becomes degraded in the public estimation, and the competent and the worthy are virtually excluded from it. The Commonwealth makes a fatal mistake, which confides its great interests to any but its best and wisest men.

MAY MEETINGS. We begin to perceive the foreshadowings of Anniversary week. Committees are indefatigably engaged in making preparations. Do those who come from a distance and enjoy these meetings as if they were a spontaneous growth of the month, have any idea of the amount of labor and judgment which are put in requisition in order to get them ready? Time, money, strength and thought, are most freely bestowed, and we never think of it all without emotions of gratitude and wonder. We hope that our friends from abroad are also preparing to bring with them their very best offerings, and that we shall all be warmed, instructed, entertained and refreshed, by the renewed interchange of thought and kindly greetings.

MONTREAL AND THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER. The Christian Inquirer has been expelled from the Mercantile Library Association in Montreal, on the ground that it is an immoral and irreligious publication. An earnest discussion on the subject took place, and the act was finally confirmed by a majority of one vote. It is a narrow-minded, illiberal act, wholly unworthy of the reputed intelligence and manliness of the Montreal community. We can, however, regard it only as an act of temporary ill-will which they will soon be ashamed of and correct.

The American and Foreign Sabbath Union will hold a public meeting in the Central Congregational Church, Boston, on Wednesday evening, the 22d of May, and a Discourse will be delivered by the Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D., of New York, —*On the Purposes of the Sabbath.*

☞ REV. CHAS. SPEAR will deliver a Discourse in the Unitarian Church in Lexington, on Sabbath afternoon on the Prevention of Crime, and also an Address in the Unitarian church at East Lexington at 5 o'clock, on Capital Punishment.

☞ We have received a beautiful letter from a friend, imbued with a Christian spirit, which is always most interesting. But we think that under the circumstances, and especially in view of our ignorance of the parties, it is hardly proper that it should pass into print.

DUDLEIAN LECTURE. The annual Dudleian Lecture was delivered in the University Chapel, at Cambridge, on Wednesday last, by Rev. Dr. Hall of Providence.

News from the Churches.

CINCINNATI, OHIO. We understand that Rev. A. A. Livermore, of Keene, is about entering upon his labors as Pastor of the Unitarian Society at Cincinnati.

GLOUCESTER. The Rev. Mr. Mountford, of England, has received an invitation to be settled over the Unitarian Society in Gloucester.

[For the Christian Register.]

THE COMING REPORTS.

MR. EDITOR.—For one I am glad, very glad, that we are to have a full and clear account of the Sunday Schools of our denomination. We have long needed to know how this great system of spiritual culture was working. How important the questions of the Secretary,—"Do Parents generally take an interest in the School? Do you teach the Christian doctrines systematically?" "What influence do you think the Sunday School has had on the community?" "What will give greater power and usefulness to our Sunday Schools?" These questions probe to the very centre of the subject, and I look forward with the deepest concern to the various answers. It is announced that nearly all have replied to the inquiries; I hope not one school in our denomination will refuse its statistics

OBITUARIES.

We depart from our usual custom to pay a tribute of sincere regard to the memory of a truly venerable man, whose friendship we enjoyed and prized. SAMUEL BRIMBLECOM, Esq., died at Lynn, on the 24th ult., aged 81 years. He was a poor boy, thrown upon the world at an early age, with a slender school education and a good trade. By industry and enterprise he rose to a place second to none in the community in which he lived, as a man of large business and extensive influence, while by diligent self-culture he became in the best sense of the words a highly educated man. His integrity was proverbial. After having amassed a considerable property, he was when past the meridian of life compelled to bankruptcy, and the earnings of two or three subsequent years were lost through the failure of a consignee at the South. But when the smile of a prospering Providence rested anew upon his enterprise, he paid to the full the principal and interest of his former obligations,—no more indeed than as a Christian he ought to have done, yet an instance of rigid honesty so rare, that when it occurs in our great cities it is commonly deemed worthy of special commemoration. Mr. Brimblecom was no less kind than honest. The employer of hundreds of people, he was their judicious adviser, their reliable friend, their ready helper in circumstances of difficulty or distress. He was a friend and preacher of temperance, long before the day of societies and pledges, and is believed by precept and example to have held back many from the first steps towards intemperance, and to have reclaimed not a few of the fallen. His home was made happy for its inmates by his evenness of temper, his unremitted cheerfulness of heart, and his assiduity in what are sometimes most unaptly called the minor duties of life; and his cordial, generous hospitality, always ready to welcome the stranger, never suffered him to remain a stranger. His excellencies of character were the result of mature Christian principle. He was a diligent student of the divine word, and carefully ordered his whole manner of life by the precepts and example of his Saviour. An Unitarian from early research and conviction, he was among the founders and one of the first Trustees of the Unitarian Society in Lynn, a constant attendant upon its worship and ordinances, and an officiating deacon until his place in the sanctuary was made vacant by his protracted infirmity. His last years were beautifully serene and happy. Enabled to retire from business with an ample and well-earned competence, with a tenderly devoted family, with troops of friends and not an enemy, his mind untouched by the palsy that crippled his limbs, he calmly awaited the time of his release, looking on the past without regret and the future without dread. Only for a few days before his death was the discipline of severe suffering appointed him; and, now that it is over, his friends may rejoice that a character, at all other points so well proved, sustained this test also with unabated cheerfulness, submission and trust, and that, through the intense agony of his last illness, one, whose life might else have seemed too happy, has been numbered among those, who "through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

Died in Boston, May 2, Mr. JOHN BUCKMINSTER CLARK, aged 26,—a man who came a few years ago from the simple country life of the village of Framingham, his native place, and encountered the temptations of mercantile customs in the city without being corrupted by them,—intelligent, amiable, frank, and of unusual simplicity and purity of heart,—the cherished friend and guest of an affectionate circle of relatives and friends,—the only son of his mother and she a widow.

Notices of New Publications.

NOBLE DEEDS OF WOMAN: by Elizabeth Sterling. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co., 110 Washington street. 18.0.

The author of this volume has collected the most striking records of female courage and virtue. We are not commonly disposed to estimate very highly such collections, but we confess that in looking over this volume, we have felt a more grateful warmth about the heart as we have recalled these examples of heroism, of affection, of benevolence and loyalty and humanity. In reading the records of Crime, which are ceaselessly thrown before us in the public prints, we almost lose our respect for human nature. One of the worst influences of such reading is to degrade our estimate of man. Our own minds are debased by the corrupt atmosphere which we breathe, and the corrupt and the bad seem to represent the race. Such a book as this does something to restore our faith in humanity. We see that a true nobleness is possible, and is not uncommon. We recall to mind the unnumbered and unnoticed virtues which exist all the time around us, the self-sacrificing affections, the tried integrity, the self-forgetting benevolence. Vice is not the rule, but the exception. Society could not exist were it otherwise. There are a thousand truths to a single falsehood, a thousand kind acts for every cruelty. We learn to respect mankind, and faith in the virtues of others, inspires one with the desire of a like virtue. For this reason, there are no books so valuable, especially for the young, as the biographies of the good. They create a blessed society for the mind, and raise all the habits of the soul to a higher level.

One word of the publishers. Phillips & Sampson have gained not only a very prominent, but most honorable place among the large publishing houses of the country. They have issued in forms suited for the library, and at a very low price, a series of the most valuable works in the language. Every few days a new volume appears which deserves a place on the shelves of a library. We look with much interest on their course. Of its importance to the community in an age deluged with worthless books, there can be no doubt; nor can we doubt that a system of publication so useful to the public, will be equally profitable to themselves.

LATTER DAY PAMPHLETS, No. IV. The New Downing Street: by Thomas Carlyle. Phillips & Sampson. Sold by Crosby & Nichols.

We should be glad to inform those of our readers who will not see it, of the contents of this racy and biting tract. But it is rather hard to be expected to tell others what a man means, when he does not tell himself. The amount of this eloquent tirade seems to be, that England is full of lies, shams, phantoms, Bishops' nightmares, prevenient grace, red tape, tomfooleries, and filth, and needs a new Downing Street,—i. e, a new System of Government: which new System of Government is, a free scope for the wisest man. Spiritual talent must be found out, called to public posts, and set to govern. But by whom, or how, are not told us. Certainly not by the people; for they do not know the wise man, or hero, when they see him; because, in order to know him, "they must be bigger than he," and see around him and over him! As to the Foreign Office, it is thought in the present state of other nations, no embassies, nor diplomatists "having the honor to be," are necessary; at least none requiring much pains or money. As to the Colonial Office; the Colonies must not be suffered to run away, but must be governed by some of these wise men,—after the wise men are caught. The scoundrels of the Kingdom are to be exported by main force, and iron force if necessary, and put to work,—building a railroad across the American Continent. Irish pauperism and cannibalism are to be "regimented" into commanded industry. By and bye all branches of labor and trade will want to be regimented, if not by wise captains of their own, then by the State. Mere "keeping the peace," Mr. Carlyle thinks, does not require much government in these days. The people need only to be let alone for that. As it is, the English government pretends to keep a most peaceable nation in peace by taking out of every subject's pocket three pence, every time he earns six. Mr. C. does not anticipate many more wars, but justifies several that have occurred, including the opium war. He thinks Modern Europe wants to work and be let alone, and earn its bread by "buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest." And he thinks, moreover, that Sir Robert Peel is the man that, of all others, is best furnished, fitted and commissioned, to mount the high horse, accomplish all glorious Downing Street Reforms, and save the Kingdom.

ELEANOR; OR LIFE WITHOUT LOVE: by Hannah Gardner Creamer. Published by James French, Boston. 1850.

This is a novel of two hundred pages, and of some little merit. It is not a vehicle for either philosophy or poetry, but simply for a story. The chief persons of the narrative are a tyrannical father, two young ladies, two or three lovers, and an aunt who dies a repentant old maid. This old lady was in love in her youth, but she shrunk from matrimony and the excellent gentleman, who wished to be her husband, being herself much alarmed at the text "wives obey your husbands."

At the end of the book, Eleanor and William are taking an evening walk in the woods. And the last words of the book are "Will they marry? Je ne sais pas, mais je crois qu' oui." And the moral of the book is that ladies are not to think that they can not love merely because they happen to be clever, and have had severe fathers. A very credible conclusion.

SOUTHEY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK, No's. 3 and 4: Edited by his Son-in-Law, John Wood Warter. Sold by Crosby & Nichols.

This book was more valuable to Southey, than it is likely to be to all the rest of the world, now that it is printed. The reader has the book, but not the way the book looked to Southey. No doubt, the book was far more significant to the mind of the compiler than it is to that of the reader.

It has in it something on everything, and shows what an omnivorous reader Southey was.

CONSUMPTION CURABLE, AND ITS TREATMENT. By Wm. M. Cornell, A. M., M. D. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

HOME FOR AGED AND INDIGENT FEMALES.—This new charitable Institution was opened last week, with appropriate religious services, in the presence of a large number of its friends. It is situated at No. 36 Charles street. His Excellency, Governor Briggs, Mayor Bigelow, and quite a number of the clergymen of the city were present at the opening. The Rev. Dr. Sharp commenced the exercises by reading the Scriptures and prayer.

Henry B. Rogers, Esq., the President of the Association, then read an address, which explained the objects of the Institution and the circumstances which rendered such an establishment necessary. Its object he stated to be that of furnishing a home for respectable aged and indigent females, which will be permanent, and where they can enjoy some of the associations and comforts which cluster around their sacred name. The Association intends, at some future day, to erect a building which will be adequate to meet the wants of this class of persons, and has petitioned the City Government for a lot of land upon which to erect such a building. In the meantime, it has determined to try the experiment in an humble way; and the present establishment, though not all that could be desired, yet such as its means could afford, had been obtained, and appeared as the result of the Association's labor. It was intended to begin in a modest way, and go on gradually gaining the confidence of the community. Thus far that confidence had been extended to it.

The subscription list now amounts to about $2,000, and with such assistance as will doubtless be extended to it, it is thought its resources will be sufficient to meet its out-goes. It is intended as a permanent place of refuge—not for mere temporary boarders—though sometimes perhaps such persons may be received, and they will be charged a proper rate for their board. The power of granting admissions lies in the Board of Trustees; but it is understood that generally a premium of $100 will be required of those who are benevolently disposed towards the person for whom application is made. The bestowment of this donation, however, does not confer the absolute right upon the donors to send a person to the Institution; neither does the Association pledge itself to the care of the inmate any longer than its resources are continued. The members will all eat at one common table, and will be visited by the Trustees at least once a week.

In conclusion, Mr. Rogers alluded to similar institutions in New York and Philadelphia, which have been prosecuted with great success, and invoked the aid of our citizens to sustain the one now just commenced.

At the conclusion of the address a hymn was sung. The Rev. Dr. Sharp then made a few remarks, in which he expressed his gratification at the establishment of such an Institution. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. Lowell, who said he was prevented by bodily infirmity from taking an active part in sustaining the Institution, but that it should always have his subscription, his good wishes and his prayers. The Rev. Dr. Waterbury also made a few appropriate remarks, after which the following original hymn was sung:

O thou, whose love and tender care,
O'er all thy works extend;
Bless now the aged and the poor,
And be the widow's friend.

Take pity on these helpless ones,
Be thou their staff and stay—
When earthly joys and youthful hopes,
Have vanished from their way.

Here may the heavy-laden come,
From toil and care set free;
And learn from Jesus's blessed words,
To find their rest in Thee.

Cheer with thy love life's closing hours,
And gently lead them on.
Through the dim shadows of the tomb,
To thy eternal home.

And let thy bounteous gifts, O God,
To us so freely given,
Like sunshine open wide our hearts,
To aid this work of heaven.

After the concluding prayer by Dr. Lowell and the benediction by Dr. Jenks, an opportunity was afforded the assembly of examining the accommodations of the establishment.

There are twenty-three rooms in the house, seventeen of which will be exclusively devoted to the accommodation of the inmates, the other six being used for performing the necessary work of the institution.

The rooms were spacious and airy, and when furnished will doubtless prove pleasant homes for those for whom they are designed. There have already been eight applications for admission,—and three have already been received at the Home. It is intended to receive from twenty to twenty-five, the number being dependent somewhat upon the state of health and condition of those admitted. Mrs. Andrews is to fulfil the responsible duties of Matron.

The Institution is one, which is much needed in our community, and we hope that it will meet the support and encouragement it deserves. None are more truly objects of Christian charity and benevolence than those who will be received within its walls.

LARGE SALES.—It has recently been publickly stated that nearly four thousand copies of Webster's Quarto Dictionary have been sold in Boston, in a little more than two years. Thirty millions have been sold of Webster's Spelling Book— about six millions since the death of the author, in 1843.

IMMIGRATION AT NEW YORK.—The number of alien passengers which arrived at New York during the month of April, was 15,757—mostly from Great Britain and Ireland. The number is less by 5,558 than that for April last year.

Eighteen vessels, laden with cargoes valued at over half a million of dollars, have sailed from Hong Kong for California within the space of three months.—Great numbers of Chinese are in San Francisco and at the diggings.

NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS. A Report has lately been presented to the Legislature of New York, from which it appears that the only regiment of volunteers, commissioned in New York and sent direct to Mexico, comprised eight hundred and five men, under the command of Col. Burnett. Of these there died in Mexico, or were killed in battle, 227; discharged from disabilities, wounds, sickness, &c., 226; missing and deserted, 35; died since their return, 56; known to be living 106; leaving wholly unaccounted for, 155; total, 805.

Of those discharged in Mexico, as above stated, in number 226, very few have been heard of. It is supposed that most of them have died, being sick when discharged.

Of those known to be living, numbering 106, nearly all are broken down by disease, hardships, or wounds received in the campaign, and are unable to support themselves. In addition to the above number, there were 270 recruits sent to reinforce the regiment, but did not reach Mexico until after the battles had been fought, and the hardships, of the campaign were over.

The Report further states:

"Of the 190 of whom we can learn nothing, we suppose most have died, and many have doubtless gone away, it may be to California.

"We have discovered 18 widows, who are all in a destitute condition, and about 20 children likewise situated. The case of Lieut. Boyle, of company C, is peculiarly touching. Soon after he left for the seat of war, his afflicted wife, broken-hearted, died, leaving five children. At the close of the war Lieut. Boyle returned, bereaved of his wife and broken down in constitution. In a short time he too died, leaving four children. Two of them are now in the orphan asylum, and two are in New York.

"Many and distressing have been the instances of suffering which have come under our knowledge, among those who have reached their native land. Two have died, as we learn from correct authority, from actual starvation. Numbers have died in the Hospital and the Almshouse, and until quite recently, the misery of the relics of the 1st Regiment of New York Volunteers has been comparatively unnoticed. We are glad to know, however, that lately a temporary fund, affording partial relief, has been established."

Such are some of the miseries of war. May God forgive our country for voluntarily commencing a strife that has produced so much wretchedness and sin. Sooner or later the day of retribution must come.

CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL. The government of the Bunker Hill Monument Association have voted to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill on the 17th of June next. Hon. Edward Everett has consented to deliver an oration on the occasion. The City authorities of Charlestown have voted to unite in the celebration, and have appropriated $1000 towards it—besides appointing the Mayor, Alderman Taggard and Phipps, and Messrs. T. F. Holden, J. H. Clapp, and E. T. Swift of the Council, a committee to act in conjunction with the committee of the Association in making the necessary arrangements. President Taylor has been invited, and it is hoped that he will be able to attend. Many of our readers will remember that the coming 17th of June is the anniversary mentioned some year or two ago, in New York and at the South, for a great New England Festival on Bunker Hill and Boston Common. [Journal.

FUGITIVE SLAVES FROM WESTERN VIRGINIA. The Parksburg Gazette of the 6th inst., mentions the escape into Ohio of seven slaves—four belonging to Col. Turner, Boulware, and three to Thomas Tavenner, Esq. Both these gentlemen live upon the Little Kanawha, and their slaves escaped by skiff down the stream to its mouth thence crossing to Ohio. Arrived in Ohio they became bewildered, and knew not what course to take. On Tuesday, a friend of the owner's learned that the negroes were at Point Harmer, not far from opposite his residence. He repaired to that place, and met a number of the runaways, three of whom, without hesitation, consented to return to their master. The others would have done so, but the bystanders interfered by advice and threats to prevent their return, and afterwards supplied them with a vehicle to carry them to the interior, where they were beyond the reach of rescue.

THE AMERICAN PRIME MERIDIAN. The House Committee on Naval Affairs has reported a joint resolution, providing that hereafter the meridian at the observatory at Washington shall be adopted for astronomical and geographical purposes, and that that part of the computation of the nautical almanac, exclusively for the use of navigators, shall be adapted to the meridian at Greenwich. Many memorials have been sent to Congress against a change of the meridian, and the resolution which has been reported is a compromise. Even this change, we believe, will create confusion, and serve no useful purpose. The proposed change will doubtless be fully examined and discussed by Congress.

It is estimated that the emigration from the States to California the present year, will not fall short of 125,000. Probably 300,000 foreigners will come over from Europe during the year, so that numbers will be in our favor, although there will be a great disparity in character. The California emigration takes off the most active and enterprising of our fellow citizens. The European immigration fills our alms houses with paupers and our jails with criminals, without conferring upon the older settled sections of the country any benefit commensurate with the evils which it introduces.

The Secretary of the American Colonization Society, Mr. McLain, of New York, makes an appeal for assistance in behalf of thirty slaves, belonging to the estate of Mr. Timothy Rodgers, of Liberty, Bedford county, Va, lately deceased. They are to be *emancipated, provided* the American Colonization Society will convey them to Liberia, in Africa. Mr. Rodgers leaves a handsome sum of money to be distributed among the slaves after their settlement in Liberia. The sum required by the society to meet this call is $1800.

ELECTRICITY.—This fluid is ubiquitous; it pervades all nature; there is not a spot of ground nor an atom of matter that does not teem with it. Professor Faraday discovered that a single drop of water contained sufficent electric fluid, in a hidden or latent form, to charge the large battery of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, to its maximum of intensity, 400,000 times over! Every phenomeon in terrestial physics can probably be accounted for on electrical principles.

[For the Christian Register.]

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—In your last paper, in the Secretary's notice of the organization of the Sunday School Society for the ensuing year, the residence of the Chairman of the Agents is stated to be *No. 12 Essex Street*, where persons are requested to send communications. Will you allow me to say, in this paper, that all persons having any communications for the Associate Agents of the Sunday School Society, will please send them to No. 24 HARRISON AVENUE, Boston, directed to me? They will then receive prompt attention.

Any aid to Pastors, Superintendents of Sunday Schools, Committees for Anniversary Celebrations, Sunday School Conventions, Rural Gatherings, etc., etc., which it may be in the power of the Agents to render, will be cheerfully furnished, on application as above. It will be necessary, however, to give *previous notice of two or three weeks*, to secure the service that may be desired.

G. F. THAYER,
Chairman of the Agents of the S. S. Society.
May, 11, 1850.

☞ WHIPPLE'S DISSOLVING VIEWS are continued at the Melodeon.

NORTH JOHNSON SCHOOL, }
April 26th, 1850. }

Dear Sir,—I availed myself on Thursday evening of your polite invitation to visit your beautiful exhibition at the Melodeon, and heartily thank you for the great gratification afforded by your optical wonders. I can truly say that I have never seen a more beautiful exhibition, nor one more skilfully and artistically managed. I watched with intense interest the gradual changes in the beautiful pictures, as they were skilfully brought into focus, and admired the magic power with which they respectively approached and receded, as they appeared to blend and "dissolve," and were metamorphosed, the one into the other. They seemed to realise the fictions of heathen mythology, so beautifully and classically described by Ovid.

But what shall I say of that part of the exhibition for which I can find no better name than the "*Kaleidoscopic Metamorphoses.*" I confess that they completely baffled all attempts to discover by what skilful mechanical arrangement you could produce such a combination, and so rapid a change of apparently centripetal and centrifugal motions, alternately receding and advancing, delighting and almost intoxicating the eye with beautifully varied and ceaselessly changing pictures, alive with all the grace and beauty of coloring. It surpassed every thing I had ever seen before.

The only regret I felt during the exhibition, was to see, that although the hall was respectably filled, it was not crowded to its utmost capacity. I shall with great pleasure recommend it in the limited sphere in which I move, and I sincerely hope that the discrimination of the public will reward you with multitudes of delighted visitors.

Respectfully, &c., yours, RICH. G. PARKER.
J. A. WHIPPLE, Esq. may11

☞ The Treasurer of the Society in aid of Aged and Indigent Ministers would acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions to its Funds.

Society in Charlestown, to make Rev. G. E. Ellis, Life Director,	$100 00
Teachers of Sunday School in Charlestown, to make the two Superintendents, H. K. Frothingham and Dr. C. S. Cartee, Life Members,	20 00
John Hurd,	10 00
Isaac Osgood,	10 00
H. P. Fairbanks,	10 00
A Friend,	5 00
Ladies' Sunday School Society, Kennebunk,	23 00
Miss Joy,	10 00
J. Joy,	10 00
W. E. A.,—Dorchester,	20 00
Lancaster,—S. Society, to make Rev. Mr. Bartol, Life Member,	10 00
Bernardston,—to make Rev. Mr. Bridge, Life Member,	10 00
Rev. Mr. Huntington's Society,	200 00
J. G. Forman,	1 00
Geo. Putnam,	10 00
A. Fearing,	10 00
J. K. M.,	10 00
J. A. Lowell,	100 00
Thomas H. Perkins,	200 00

may11 E. PEABODY, Treasurer.

☞ THE MIDDLESEX SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY will hold its next semi-annual meeting at the First Church in Watertown, (Rev. Mr. Davis',) on Wednesday, the 22d inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The forenoon will be devoted to the discussion of topics connected with the Sunday School.

At 2 P. M., the Society will assemble for Public Worship. A Sermon will be preached by Rev. John F. W. Ware of Cambridgeport.

Teachers and Friends of the Sunday School are invited to attend. FREDERIC A. WHITNEY,
may11 2is Secretary M. S. S. Society.

☞ BOSTON ASSOCIATION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS. The members of this Association will meet on Monday next, at the house of Rev. A. Bigelow in Hancock street.
may11 SAMUEL B. CRUFT, Scribe.

☞ AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. The undersigned acknowledges the receipt of Fourteen Hundred Twenty Seven Dollars Fifty Cents, from the Rev. Dr. Gannett's Society in Boston. Also, of Five Hundred Dollars, from Rev. Dr. Barrett's Society.
may11 H. B. FAIRBANKS, Treas. A. U. A.

☞ T. B. GOUGH on Sunday Evening. This distinguished advocate of the cause of *Temperance* will speak on the subject at the Tremont Temple, at 7½ o'clock Sabbath Evening 12th. M. GRANT,
may11 Pres. of the Boston T. A. Society.

☞ PATHFINDER AND RAILWAY GUIDE. Snow & Wilder, No. 5 Washington street, publish this useful pamphlet monthly. It may be regarded as correct, as it is published by the authority of the Railroad Superintendents.
may11

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of Ten Dollars, contributed by Ladies of the Unitarian Society in Marlborough, to constitute their Pastor, Rev. Horatio Alger, a Life Member. may11

☞ THE WORCESTER ASSOCIATION will meet at Rev. Amos Smith's in Leominster, on Tuesday, May 14, at 5 P. M.
may11 T. PRENTISS ALLEN, Scribe.

☞ ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LEAGUE OF BROTHERHOOD. The Third Annual Meeting of the League of Brotherhood will be held in this city on Monday the 13th of May. This meeting is to be held a few days earlier than heretofore in order to place it in the power of Mr. Burritt to be present, before his departure for England, on the 15th.
Per order of the Ex. Committee.
may11 T. DREW, Rec. Secretary.

☞ UNITARIAN FESTIVAL. The Committee having in charge the "Festival," on behalf of the Clergy and others, have decided to make the usual preparations for observing it this year. A full notice of time, place, &c., cannot be given until next week. may11

☞ NOTICE. Auxiliaries and other contributors to the Unitarian Association, are particularly requested to make their Annual payments before the *second week in May*, in order that there may be sufficient funds in the Treasury before the Anniversary, to make all needful appropriations for the year, ending May 31.
april13 6t F. W. HOLLAND.

☞ THE CONVENTION OF THE CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS OF MASSACHUSETTS will meet at the Supreme Court Room, on Wednesday, the 29th of May, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

The Annual Sermon will be preached in the Old Church Meetinghouse, on Thursday, the 30th inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M., by Rev. E. A. Park, D. D., of Andover.

*** A collection will be taken up at the close of the services, in aid of the Widows and Orphans of deceased Congregational Ministers.
may4 A. C. THOMPSON, Scribe

☞ THE CAMBRIDGE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will meet in Cambridgeport, at the House of Rev. A. B. Muzzey, on Tuesday, the 12th inst., at 2 P. M.
may11 WM. NEWELL, Scribe.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Dr Bigelow, Mr Newell Stanyan to Miss Harriet J. Flagg, both of Boston.

May 6th, by Rev S. K. Lothrop, James L. Baker, Esq., to Nancy R., daughter of the late Hon. Zabdiel Sampson of Plymouth.

By Rev Dr Frothingham, Francis B. Brooks to Mary J., daughter of Eben. Chadwick, Esq.

In Waltham, by Rev Thomas Hill, Wm. N. Nye, Esq., of Fall River to Miss Belinda Lucretia, daughter of Col. Peter Dunbar.

In Milton, April 23, Mr John C. Talbot of Dorchester, to Miss B. Augusta E. Dudley, daughter of T. Dudley, Jr., Esq., of Milton.

In Salem, May 1, Mr Henry C. Shepard of Boston, to Miss Mary Eliza, daughter of Daniel Hammond, Esq., of S.

April 30, by Rev Thomas T. Stone, Capt George Upton to Ellen M., daughter of the late Capt Thos Bowditch.

In Northboro', April 25, by Rev Mr Allen, Mr A. E. Waterman, to Olive M., daughter of the late Capt John Howe, both of Boylston.

In Barre, P. Emory Aldrich, Esq., to Miss Sarah, daughter of Harding P. Woods, Esq.; Mr John B. Bettis of Salem, to Miss Harriet H. Bacon of B.

At Bellows Falls, Vt., Mr Charles Sargent of Boston, to Miss Rebecca E. Sparhawk, of B. F.

In Providence, R. I., April 25, Mr Edward T. Rand of Charlestown, Mass., to Miss Frances E. Blodgett, of Somerville, Mass.

In Poughkeepsie, April 25, by Rev B. Jones, Martin Brimmer Inches of Boston, to Mary Wells, daughter of the late Rev Dr Chester.

In New York, by Rev Nath'l Osgood. Mr Jed. Frye to Maria Cornelia Purdy.

In Baltimore, on Thursday evening, 2d inst, by Rev Geo. W. Burnap, DD., Geo. W. Miltenberger, M. D., to Miss Sarah E. Williams, eldest daughter of Nath'l F. Williams, Jr.

DEATHS.

In this city, May 1, Mrs Elizabeth H. Cheever, 77.

May 1, Lucy G. Norcross, 21, widow of the late J. Addison Norcross.

May 3, Thomas B. Coolidge, son of the late Joseph Coolidge.

In Medford, April 29, Mrs Sarah Preston, widow of the late Remember Preston, 89.

In Newton, April 26, Sarah, widow of the late Thomas Hughes of Boston, 75: April 26, Mrs Elizabeth Hyde, relict of the late Thaddeus Hyde, 90, being the oldest inhabitant of that town.

In Littleton, April 27, Mrs Nabby Priest, wife of Capt Asa Priest, 57. She died in that calm peace and assurance which God gives to a Christian.

In Duxbury, Mrs Hannah Alden, 63, widow of the late Capt Briggs Alden of the former place.

In Boscawen, N. H., March 8, Mrs Eunice Wood, relict of the late Rev Samuel Wood, D. D. 93.

In Pembroke, N. H., 28th ult, Hon Aaron Whittemore, about 76, formerly one of the judges of the court of common pleas for Merrimack county.

In Ripton, Vt., Hon Daniel Chipman, for many years a resident of Middlebury, and one of the oldest and most distinguished citizens of that State. 83.

At the residence of his brother, Dr Francis Boott, in London, James Boott, Esq., fourth son of the late Kirk Boott, Esq. of Boston, Mass., on the 14th ult.

In New York, 30th ult, Hon Thomas J. Goodwin, 67, formerly of Charlestown, Mass.

May 4, Joseph Sewall, Esq., 88.

In Cambridge, May 7, Mr William Hunnewell, 68.

In Salem, Capt. Charles S. Huntington, 29.

HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
AT FRAMINGHAM.

THE Summer Term of this School will commence on Tuesday, the first day of June next. A small number of pupils will be received into the Subscriber's family; and the constant care and attention of himself and his wife will be devoted to them, as regards both their intellectual and moral training.

Terms:—$132, per annum.

REFERENCES. Mr. Geo. B. Emerson, Wm. H. Knight, Esq., Wm. H. Foster, Esq., (Cashier Grocers' Bank) Boston; Rev. A. R Baker, Medford; Rev. H. F. Edes, Woburn; Mr. J. W. Brown, and J. S. Wheeler, Esq., Framingham. RUFUS F. BREWER.
Framingham, May 11, 1850. 3mos

At Home.

DR. MORTON, Surgeon Dentist, No: 19 Tremont Row, opposite the Boston Museum, will personally employ his discovery (Ether,) extracting all teeth, and insert his beautiful artificial ones, without the slightest pain.
may11 eoptf

SABBATH SCHOOL DEPOSITORY,
111 Washington Street.

CROSBY & NICHOLS, have for sale, a large collection of *BOOKS FOR SABBATH SCHOOL* and *JUVENILE LIBRARIES*, to which they invite the attention of all interested in Sabbath Schools.

☞ Books will at any time be sent for examination, with the privilege of returning any that are not desired.

C. & N. publish the following Manuals for Sabbath Schools:

A Manual of Christian Doctrine and Institutions,—with Answers in the Language of Scripture. By Rev. A. B. Fuller.

*** The Publishers have received from Rev. Dr. Francis of Cambridge, Rev. A. P. Peabody of Portsmouth, and Hon. Stephen C. Phillips (President of the Boston Sunday School Society), letters, recommending the Manual in the highest terms.

Lessons on the Parables; by Rev. F. D. Huntington.
A Scripture Catechism of the Christian Religion,—stated in the words of the Bible; by Rev. Ephraim Peabody.
The Gospel Narratives; by Rev. H. A. Miles.
The Ministry of Christ; by Rev. T. B. Fox.
A Manual on the Book of Acts; by Rev. T. B Fox.
The Words of Christ; from the New Testament.
Cartee's Questions on the New Testament. Parts I. and II.
The First Book for Sunday Schools.
The Sunday School Hymn and Service Book. By Hon. Stephen C. Phillips.
The Sunday School Singing Book.

☞ Specimens of the above will be sent to any Clergyman or Superintendent who may wish them for examination. may11

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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

TORQUATO TASSO.

How darkly in the far silence
Of my pitiless pris n walls—
I through the night-watches waking sit!

High over me speed Orion—
The Seven Stars, and Aldebaran—
Sirius, and the Twin beauteous Gods.

Radiant in celestial spaces—
Beautiful, and free, and peaceful—
As calm as the pure heart of God!

Ye winds that have leave to wander
Deep into remotest heavens—
Bear me on your wings to those glad spheres;

Far from the terrible noises—
And stillness yet more terrific,
Wild with its dread interruptions.

Might I for an hour behind me
Leave the long-eating anguish and fear—
Yea—O God—the madness,—

And feel the cool touch of midnight—
And the dews' fresh benediction,
And the freedom of life—of life!

Far away, mid the purple bloom
Of the hills—the south wind is strengthened
With the sweet, wild vigor of Pines.

The rock meets the Fern's soft caress,
And that Flower, that meek salutation
Sends starward—looks timid to earth.

Ah! the Lark in the cloud-rack bathes
And drinks of the air's still fountains—
And is he not thirstless and pure?

O for life that is Life!

Joy in being! hopes o'er filling
The sweet to-day with to-morrow!
Faith—the, queenly—that rules all hap!

Love—the ever-compassionate,
The dear love of man and of woman,
That affection without sweets hide no sting!

O bitter! that ever the heart
Still asking impossible treasure—
Should cast from it aught that was loving!

Dear heart of my mother—mother—
Long-resting from earth and anguish—
Pity—pity—pity thy child!

O! what have they taken from me?
Thought, and will, and affection—
And left for my brain—but a throb;

For my heart, but endless thirsting,
And the blank desert of being
Spread awful, and blinding, and mute.

Yet sometimes in the Great Presence
Of moments fallen from heaven—
Whose law, though not known, I obey;

Once more is thought disentangled,
And there come the beautiful children
Of the eternal Springtime to me.

Welcome then, anguish and pain!
And welcome bitter oppression!
Am I mad then?—so let me remain. w.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Register.

AN ESSAY ON FITS.

[Selected from Old Humphrey.]

Though no physician, I have some excellent prescriptions, and as I shall charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits; I am visited with them myself; and I dare say you are also, so now for my prescriptions.

For a fit of passion, walk out into the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds, without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a slave.

For a fit of extravagance and folly, go to the almshouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of the gaol; and you will be convinced,

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a fit of ambition, go into the churchyard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the earth your mother and sister.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and the afflicted, and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light afflictions.

For a fit of despondency, look on the good things God has given you in this world, and to those which he has promised to you in the next, if you are his followers. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may not return into his house without one blooming in his bosom.

For all fits of doubt, perplexity, and fear, whether they are a load to the shoulder, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the great Physician; "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee." L. G. P.

THE DYING MOTHER.

I was about four years old, when an event occurred which influenced my whole future life.

I had not seen my mother for several days. I recollect that I cried frequently for her, and that I was put off with the excuses common on such occasions, until one day, on being denied her, I went into a passion of shrieks and tears. The result was, that I sobbed myself to sleep.

When I awoke, my aunt Sarah was standing over me. It was not long before I remembered the cause of my sorrow, and I began to cry again.

"I want to see my mamma."

"Hush! you must not make a noise," said my aunt.

"I want to see my mamma."

"Be still, child," cried my aunt, shaking her finger at me, "be still, I say, and you shall see your mother."

She hastily dressed me in my best white frock. I thought it strange, for I knew it was not Sunday, but I supposed, perhaps, there was to be company.

"Now you must be still," said my aunt, as she smoothed down my frock, "and not make the least noise. Your mamma is very ill.

I did not entirely understand her, but I felt that it was something terrible, and my little heart was moved. I wiped the last tear from my eye with my hand.

My aunt lifted me in her arms and carried me to the room.

I remember the faces in the room. My uncle was there, and his wife; and I thought I had discovered why I had been dressed up, for, as they lived some miles off and rarely visited us, they were considered as company when they did come. Another gentleman was there, whom I had a faint remembrance of having seen before. The whole were standing about at the foot of the bed, the curtains of which were drawn up; and they were looking at something in it. I looked, too, and saw my mother.

She was lying partially propped up with pillows; but so pale and emaciated, that at first I scarcely distinguished her from the snow-white linen. Her eyes, however, were the same that had so often looked love upon me; I should have recognised them if all else had been changed, though they were now luminously bright and large. I reached forth my hands, and half sprang from my aunt's arms.

"Mamma, dear mamma!" I cried.

"Hush," said my aunt, drawing me back, "you must not weary your mother."

I looked at my aunt, and then turned heedingly to my parent. She glanced beseechingly to my aunt, who looked at the strange gentleman—he was the doctor. The latter nodded. At this my aunt stooped down, and held me close to my mother, so that I could put my little hands on her face, which I did, stroking it fondly, as I used to when she was lulling me to sleep.

But as she thus yielded, my aunt said—

"You are overtasking yourself, sister. The child will tease you."

Never shall I forget my mother's look—it was partly one of surprise, partly one of melancholy reproof—as she said faintly, speaking with short sentences and with difficulty:

"It is for the last time, and I think I should have been better if I had seen her oftener—dear, dear Mary!" she continued, as with infinite difficulty she put one thin, transparent arm around me, and drawing me gently toward her, kissed me over and over again.

My mother must have been very beautiful; I have often heard since that she was; but I felt it, on that occasion, child as I was. Her eyes, indeed her whole face, beamed on me with such divine affection, such an outgushing of the entire soul in love, that, for years afterward, her countenance, as then seen, was to me the type of an angel. It used to haunt my dreams. I often wished, when awake, that I was a painter, that I might embody on canvass that look. It must have been beautiful, and beaming with the highest expression of the soul, to have produced such an impression on a girl of but four years old.

When she complained of not having seen me before, and drew me thus to her, I felt my little heart gush over with affection to her.

"Oh! dear mamma," I said, endeavoring to put my little arms around her. "I love you so much, —my pretty mamma, I do love you!"

Big tears began to gather in her eyes. I recollect them, for they flowed on my cheek, and mine rose in sympathy, though I knew no reason, then, why they should.

At this my aunt would have drawn me away, uttering, in a reproving way, "Sister!" but my mother clung to me faintly.

"Not yet, not yet, Sarah," she said. "I shall never see her again in this world—let her stay a little longer."

"Let her stay," said the physician, in a husky voice. "It can't hurt Mrs. Lennox."

My mother gave a glance of thankfulness to the last speaker, and then hugged me closer and closer, murmuring words of endearment mingled with others of a different character, no doubt, words of prayer. And I, awed and melted alike, feeling that there was something terrible in all this, yet unconscious above everything else of the delight of seeing my mother again, kissed and fondled her, now pushing her hair back under her cap, now stroking her face, and occasionally looking around on the spectators to see what it all meant.

"Now, sister," said my aunt at last, "it must come to an end. God will provide for the poor thing, and we will do our best for her." And she drew me away.

But my mother convulsively clasped me, and in broken language, mingled with sobs and tears, prayed.

"Almighty God," she said, "Saviour of the world, protect and bless my child—my fatherless and motherless babe!" Then she kissed me, sobbed aloud, and, suddenly letting go her hold, burst into a torrent of tears; while my aunt hurried me from the room. [Ladies' National Magazine.

THE BABY'S DEATH.

"Charles, will you look at the little baby once more? Come Lucy," said our sister, opening the door of the room in which we were sitting. We rose and followed her, and stood together beside the coffin of our little brother's body; we looked at the mysterious beauty of its shut eyes, and felt a strange awe creep over us.

It was the first time I had ever seen the dead, and for long afterwards, death wore to me the calm majesty of those infant features, and was but another name for perfect peace. I was not reminded of sleep in the strange, touching stillness of what I had never seen so still before. I saw a holiness of expression, differing from the innocent unconsciousness of sleep, and grander than that. No, our little John slept not; rather had he awaked to the bright morning of his perfect day.

He had been a very lovely child, and death had not robbed the fair face of a single charm. Smooth on the forehead, lay the hair that would never again be disturbed by the caress of hand or lip; and the sweet expression, part smile, part dimple, which used to hover about the mouth, had now settled there, in the added grace of a seeming immortality.

It was not thus he slept, with tiny foot or hand, defying restraint of coverlet or curtain, thrown carelessly in sight. Now the limbs were straight; he looked long and narrow; he seemed grown tall in his coffin. I felt that those sealed eyes could never open, and knew that a deeper repose was upon him. The coffin was not more unlike his nursery bed than this rest. This *death* differed from that cradled slumber.

By and bye, my father came into the room with a troubled face, and I wondered why he too should not be peaceful in the presence of little John's deep peace. I spoke to Charles, but he made no reply, and Mary only wept. Then people began to arrive at the house, for the funeral was to take place that afternoon. A prayer was offered for the survivors in the room where the dead infant lay, and then his beautiful little corpse was carried out to be buried. My father and Mary walked together. Charles took the arm of the minister, and they all left the house. I do not know whether I was forgotten; no one told me to follow, or took any notice of me, and, uncertain what to do, I found myself at last alone in the now empty room.

When I had looked after the slow procession, till I could no longer distinguish the individuals composing it, I turned away from the window. The sudden silence of the house oppressed me, and I began to ponder, in my childish way, on the busy mysteriousness of those who conducted the funeral. The solemn bustle of the men; their suppressed and unnatural voices; the women walking up, one after another, to look into the coffin, and wiping their eyes as they turned away; the minister's voice, raised, that it might be heard in the passage and the outer room, till it lost the tones of sympathy, which are ever low,—all amazed me. I felt, though I could not then analyse my feelings, the want of harmony between the sweet calm of Death, and the little restless ways of the life that was busy around it.

While occupied thus, some one came to take me to my mother. I do not remember that she said any thing, but the tears rolled over her pale face, and dropped on my hands, which she held in hers, and when she kissed me, they seemed to fall in rain on my face and neck. I shall never forget the baptism of those tears.

The baby's death, which I had before considered rather a voluntary act of its own, than a necessity resulting from any thing out of itself, I saw to be the cause of my mother's grief, and for the first time it struck me as hard and wrong that his little life should have gone out so soon. Neither then, nor for many months afterwards, did it occur to me that any body died except the very young. The minister at little John's funeral had twice repeated the words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." On these words I thought very seriously, and I distinctly remember debating with myself whether it was better to grow up, or to die an infant, and so be of that kingdom. It had not occurred to me that grown people died, or that any were in heaven with God and the angels, except young children. Then the doubt troubled me, whether I were not already too old to die, and consequently too old to see Jesus and my little brother in heaven. Very sad was my next birth-day on this account. They thought my tears were for my lost playfellow, but I was weeping for my lost heaven.

With this state of feeling, an infant was the most deeply interesting object to me. I loved to look at one, and to think of it as dead to us, and buried, but alive some where, and happy with hundreds of other children, and with Jesus; and then I grieved again that I was almost, if not quite too old to be like them; taken in his arms and blessed. There was no one to teach me that he loved also to heal the sick and to forgive the wicked.

"Do you think," I asked a mother once, after I had long stood watching her baby, "do you think she will be of the kingdom of heaven!"

I was not understood. My question, the solemn question of an earnest heart, was met by a smile and the words, "What a strange child!"

Then I though there must be some outward, visible mark, known to others, but which I, in my ignorance, overlooked; and I wondered whether the lady smiled because she saw that her child was to be of the kingdom, or because she was to live with her on the earth till she grew up.

At length another death occurred in our neighborhood. It was a bad cruel man, who died miserably. I ran away from home and went to the funeral. The minister did not say "of *such* is the kingdom of heaven:" and that day, with the knowledge that all must die, came the terror, instead of the desire of death. To be, not too old to die, but too old for "the kingdom,"—this was now my sorrow, and a child's sorrow is a bitter thing indeed.

Strange to say, the event which brought peace and light to my heart, was the gentle passing away from earth of my beautiful mother.

"I shall see Jesus at last!" was my often repeated exclamation; for that she was with him was certain, and I never doubted that her home would be mine.

For a long time after this, I was very happy.

☞ Silliman's Journal contains a series of observations on the *size of the brain* in the different families of man, from the pen of Dr. S. G. Morton.

The result of the Doctor's investigations is found in the following grades:

1. The Teutonic or German race, embracing, as it does, the Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Americans, Anglo-Irish, &c., possess *the largest brain of any other people.*
2. The nations having the smallest heads are the ancient Peruvians and Australians.
3. The barbarous tribes of America possess a much larger brain than the demi-civilized Peruvians or Mexicans.
4. The ancient Egyptians have the least sized brain of any Caucasian nation, excepting the Hindoos.
5. The negro brain is nine cubic inches less than the Teutonic, and three cubic inches larger than the ancient Egyptian.
6. The largest brain in the series is that of a Dutch gentleman, and gives 114 cubic inches; the smallest head is an old Peruvian, of 58 cubic inches; the difference between these two extremes is no less than 56 cubic inches.

The brain of the Australian and Hottentot falls far below the Negro, and measures precisely the same as the ancient Peruvian.

This extended series of measurements, it will be seen, fully confirm the fact previously set forth by Mr. Morton, in his works, that the various artificial modes of *distorting the cranium* occasion no diminution of its internal capacity, and consequently do not affect the size of the brain. The results thus arrived at are curious and interesting, and doubtless will attract attention.

The Power of Interest. In a former volume of the Literary World, a statistical account is given of the rise and progress of New York, commencing with the fact that in the year 1626, the island which now constitutes the city and county of New York, was purchased of the Indians for sixty guilders, or twenty-four dollars.

This seems cheap. Yet if the purchasers had invested the said sum or another sum, of twenty-four dollars at compound interest at 7 per cent, the accumulated capital on such investment would, in this year, 1850, amount to sixty-five millions of dollars; in other words, twenty-four dollars so invested, would now be worth more than the county and city of New York deducting what has been expended upon the real estate since it was purchased from the Indians. Ergo, the land (or island) was not cheap, for the purchaser could have done better with his money. [Literary World.

FOR CHILDREN.

DISCIPLINE.

AN ANECDOTE FOR PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

Little Mary once struck her brother during my absence from the house. The stick in her hand had a sharp knot which went clear through his cheek, making an ugly gash. The blood flowed in a stream; the boy screamed piteously, and Mary was exceedingly alarmed. She had no animosity against her little playmate; on the contrary she loved him dearly, and when her mother, who was called to the room by his screams, came in, her little daughter had thrown her arms around his neck, and were joining her cries to his, while the red blood poured full in her face. When the mother had made inquiries, she took the boy away to dress the wound, and the girl went up stairs without a word and crept under the bed. There she sat and sobbed for several hours. Her mother, discovering where she had gone, said not a word to her, believing that it was best to leave her for the present alone. Her own heart was much pained to hear her dear child's grief, but she was willing to let her suffer for awhile in hopes that it might be made a lasting lesson to her.

I came in a little while before night, and learned how matters stood. It was a season to me of great interest and responsibility. Upon my own action here might depend the future conduct of this child. Her violent temper had been often checked by punishment, and she had been frequently enough told of its evil consequences. Now it had led her to a great crime, and if not at once restrained, my little daughter might grow up wicked and miserable.

I considered awhile how I should act, and having humbly asked guidance of the Father of all, I took my seat in the room where the affair had happened, and took the knotty stick in my hand. Then I called out in a kind voice, "Sister, come here to pa." She was always an obedient girl, and she instantly crept out and came down to me. Never shall I forget the expression of her countenance as she looked in my face. She had wept until her eyes were greatly inflamed, but they were dry, and in her face was a look of the most profound humanity and grief that I ever saw. She walked slowly to my side and bowed her head on my knees. I said, "My daughter, some naughty person has hurt your little brother very much. His cheek is cut open, and I think there will always be a scar there as long as he lives. Will my daughter tell me who did it?" I heard a little sob, and then she whispered, "It was me." I continued, "If the stick had struck his eye, he would have been made blind." She commenced weeping. I said, "If it had struck his temple, it might have killed him." She gave a low scream, and said, "Oh, pa!" I continued, "Yes: the blow you struck would have killed your brother if some one had not turned it aside. There was some one in the room who saw how angry my daughter was. Do you know who it was?" She looked up in my face with a look of almost happiness, and said, "It was God, pa."

She wept now more bitterly than before. I took her hand and led her to the room where her brother lay asleep. His face was bound up and it was very pale.

I asked her softly, "Is little brother yet alive?" She started as if smitten with a horrible thought, and uttered an ejaculation of grief. This awoke the boy, who casting his eyes about and seeing Mary bathed in tears, reached out his arms and called her. It was electric, and hardened must have been the heart which could behold this sweet reconciliation without tears.

That night as we bowed around the sacred altar of family service, tender hearts were ours, and the angels who watched to carry our offering upward, saw the teardrops glittering in the fire-light, and heard low sobs as we united to ask the seal of God's approbation upon this reconciliation on earth. [Banner of Peace.

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

"Dear mamma," said a little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer! what *can* be the reason?"

"My dear child," said the mother, "gather me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet."

The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets.

"Smell them, my love," said her mother, "and see which is the sweetest."

The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself that the lovely almond had no scent; while the plain violet had a delightful odor.

"Well, my child, which is the sweetest?"

"Oh, dear mother, *it is* the little violet!"

"Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance in flowers, is, in my opinion, something like beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection may say to you: "What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!" without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings, which every one is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless. [London Child's Companion.

Never Give a Kick for a Hit. I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady. One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning." Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give back a kick for a bit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."

A LESSON FOR ILL-NATURED WITS.

Ill-natured wits may learn a valuable lesson from the two anecdotes which we give below.

In the midst of a gay party at Versailles Louis XIV. commenced a facetious story, but concluded it abruptly and insipidly. Presently, one of the company having left the room, the king said, "I am sure you must have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was. After I had commenced, I recollected that it reflected rather severely on the immediate ancestor of the prince of Armagnac, who has just quitted us; and on this, as on every other occasion, I think it far better to spoil a good story than distress the feelings of a worthy man."

The celebrated mimic, Griffen, was asked to imitate the person, manner, and singularly awkward delivery of Dr. Woodward, the geologist and physician, in the character of Dr. Fossil, in a farce then preparing under the title of "Three Hours after Marriage." The mimic dressed himself up as a countryman, and went to the doctor to ask his advice about a long series of diseases with which he pretended his poor wife was afflicted. All this he did to justify and prolong the interview, that he might have sufficient time to study the doctor's manner. This accomplished, he offered him the fee of a guinea, which the doctor declined, saying,

"Keep your money, poor man! keep your money! you have need of all your cash and all your patience, too, with such a load of diseases at home."

The actor, on his return to the farce-writer, related this conversation, and concluded by declaring that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents by making a public laughing-stock of Dr. Woodward, who, receiving him as a poor man, had shown tender humanity and compassionate sympathy at the narrative of his assumed calamities.

The Bloom of Age. A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age—she looks as charming as when the rose of youth bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet—it will never fade. In her family she is the life and delight. In the neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. In the church, the devout worshipper and the exemplary Christian. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy; who has been the friend of man and God; whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love—a devotion to truth and religion? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her love truth and virtue; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets, ever fresh and ever new.

Temperance Fable. The rats once assembled in a large cellar to devise some method of safety in getting the bait from a small trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said, "It is my opinion that, if with one paw we can keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other." All the rats present loudly squealed assent, and slapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned, and the rats retired to their homes, but the devastations of the trap being by no means diminished, the rats were forced to call another "convention." The elders just assembled, had commenced their deliberations, when all were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak.—All were instantly silent, when stretching out the bleeding remains of his leg, he said: "My friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and you see the result! Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap—*Do not touch it!*"

Rat Story. Rev. Walter Colton, in his agreeable diary of a voyage to California in a man-of-war, entitled "Deck and Port," relates the following capital rat story:

"I have always felt some regard for a rat since my cruise in the Constellation. We were fitting for sea at Norfolk, and taking in water and provisions; a plank was resting on the sill of one of the ports which communicated with the wharf. On a bright moonlight evening, we discovered two rats on the plank coming into the ship. The foremost was leading the other by a straw, one end of which each held in his mouth. We managed to capture them both, and found, to our surprise, the one led by the other was stone blind. His faithful friend was trying to get him on board, where he would have comfortable quarters during a three years' cruise. We felt no disposition to kill either, and landed them on the wharf. How many there are in this world to whom the fidelity of that rat readeth a lesson!"

"BEYOND QUESTION THE BEST."

WORCESTER'S *LARGE DICTIONARY*, containing more than 100,000 words, with correct orthography and pronunciation, by Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D of Cambridge, Mass. Testimony of eminent scholars who have examined and who use this dictionary:—"Its vocabulary is probably more comprehensive than that of all preceding English dictionaries united; we confidently recommend it as containing an ample and correct view of the present state of our language."—Judge McLean, Judge Woodbury, Dr. Potter, Presidents Sparks, Woods, Lord, Hitchcock, Hopkins, Hale, Humphrey, Swain, Lindsley; Profes ors Stuart, Willard, Park, Channing, Longfellow; Dr. Dunglison, author of Medical Dictionary; F. Bowen, editor of North American Review, and others. "Worcester's Dictionary, is beyond question, the best extant; it is so regarded by the majority of scholars in New England, and cannot but be so pronounced by every intelligent critic who will under ake a careful and candid comparison."—[Rochester American. "The best publication of the kind ever issued in English."—Boston Post. *The writings and speeches of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Geo. Bancroft, Irving, Prescott, and of American statesmen and scholars generally, conform to this Dictionary.* WILKINS, CARTER & CO.,
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